

SLINGS AND ARROWS



Perry



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SLINGS — AND — ARROWS



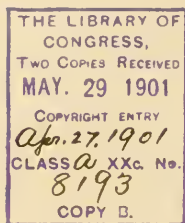
Tales, Sketches and Verses,
Grave and Gay

By GEORGE B. PERRY

*Author of "Corporal Bruce," "Uncle Peter's Trust," "The Voyage
of the Boadicea," "Kin Against Kin," Etc.*

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foreword.

LACKS there a word of preface brief?
This would I say to all who read:
I deem he has not writ in vain,
If haply he may serve your need.
Oh ye who walk the lonely vale
And list (how eager!) for the sound
Of footsteps vanished in the mist,
I pray that in this book be found
Some comfort for your yearning hearts;
Ah! once he trod where ye have trod
And only dimly knew that Death
Is but the messenger of God.
And ye who, flushed with hope and youth,
Carol through all the blossoming days
He hopes to light your eyes with mirth,
And win your light-accorded praise.
He weaves the fantasy and song,
The rippling laugh, the bitter moan,
Into one weft, nor may you guess
How dear to him each thought has grown.
It seems to me his life is writ
In many a lightly uttered phrase,
So ask I, grateful for the past,
God's peace be his these latter days;
God's peace be yours. May Love and Hope
Sunfleck your paths through all the years,
And gleam from out a cloudless sky
Until the eternal light appears.

JOSEPHINE D. PERRY.

So. Boston, April 21, 1901.

*Perhaps it may turn out a song—
Perhaps turn out a sermon.*

Thanks are due to the management of The
Boston Globe for permission to reprint sketches,
and for other kindly favors.

. Contents .

A Foreword, by Josephine D. Perry.....	
"Julius Cæsar" Revised.....	I
Ulysses S. Grant.....	13
A Belated Forefather.....	15
Garibaldi	37
The Fatal Mistake.....	41
Evolution of the Proofreader.....	49
Natural History of the Compositor.....	58
The Household Queen.....	66
A White Lie; Story of Gettysburg.....	72
'Twas Ever Thus.....	81
A Cold Snap.....	82
"The Retrojection of Didymus Jones".....	83
Lasting Love.....	102
"Squaring the Account".....	103
The Colors at Isandhlwana.....	112
A Midnight Reverie.....	115
The British Dead.....	117
The Mother-in-Law.....	119
Song of the Gloucester "Banker".....	124
The Delayed Triumph.....	125
Staff Colonels.....	127
Longfellow	131
George H. Patch.....	134
The Mother's Hand.....	135

CONTENTS—Continued.

REPRINTS FROM "THE MALDEN HEADLIGHT."

Discovery of the Malden River.....	139
Cæsar at Revere Beach.....	149
Roman Occupation of Malden.....	151
The Delayed Epic.....	157
Ode to Malden.....	160
A Listening World.....	162
Piratical Mate of the Betsy Jane.....	164
An Emergency Lecture.....	169
Ye Ballade of Jones the Conductaire.....	171
The Steward of the Singapore.....	175
Color Bearer at Fredericksburg.....	177
A Russian War Hymn.....	180
The Mutiny on the Sairey Ann.....	181
Man's Inhumanity to Man.....	186
Love and Art.....	187

* * * * *

The Black Watch.....	190
Hope of the Fathers, the Pride of the Sons.....	191
1886	196
"The Queen, God Bless Her!".....	199
Marcia Green's Mistake.....	201
Mamma's Story.....	210
"He Opens and He Shuts His Hand".....	213
"With Tear-Dimmed Eyes".....	215
Mors Janua Vitae.....	217
How the Christmas Anthem Was Sung.....	218
The Night Cometh.....	220
"Who Follows?".....	221
Cypress and Laurel.....	222
An Epilogue.....	223

SLINGS AND ARROWS

“Julius Cæsar.”

[Chapter of a Revised Shakespeare — A Boston
Newspaper Row.]

It was truly remarked in the “Boston Globe” recently that admirers of Shakespeare are wont to assert that in his works are found references to trades, professions, inventions, etc., of supposedly more recent origin. In illustration of this claim, it was said that journalists and interviewers were common in Rome, Cæsar asking (Act 1, Sec. 2), “who is it in the press that calls on me?”

The mass of internal evidence in the same play (“Julius Cæsar”) which goes to support the claim that journalists and interviewers, and in fact all the miseries and glories supposed to be peculiar to modern journalists and journalism, were well known, is absolutely overpowering.

From even a superficial study of this remarkable play, it is apparent that Cæsar and Antony, Brutus, Cassius & Co., were proprietors, editors and writers respectively, on rival sheets, and that in fact the tragedy is not so much a record of a rather high-toned

SLINGS AND ARROWS

quarrel among opposing politicians as between active writers and rival managers of opposing party organs. The evidence on this point is so overwhelming that but for the diffidence which is one of our besetting sins, we should doubt the common evidence of Mr. Shakespeare's death, and insist that he wrote his play as a satire on the journalism of the present day, not even omitting certain political allusions and campaign cries of absolutely recent date. But as we are not discussing the question of who wrote Shakespeare, it is sufficient to pass by this fruitful field of investigation, and lay down the facts which we propose to demonstrate to the admirers and students of the bard, who exhibits in this remarkable tragedy more than ever that his genius was immortal, and that "he was not for an age, but for all time."

"First, then, Cæsar was the proprietor of a paper named "The Palm," in the conduct of which he was occasionally assisted by Mark Antony, a sort of all-round, many-sided Bohemian journalist: Brutus was managing editor of "The Majestic World," and also interested in "The Capitol," on both of which papers Caius Cassius was an editorial writer. Casca appears to have been a capitalist, who invested his money impartially in the rival sheets, though he, as will be seen, grinds all the cash he can out of Cæsar's paper, while he assists "The World" and "Capitol" by his persevering habit of amateur reporting. His malevolent or sarcastic disposition renders him an unsafe writer, and the news which he industriously gathers has to be separated by the editors from the irrelevant mass of opinions and criticisms with which no professional reporter would have burdened them. The bitter rivalry between the papers culminates in the cutting up of Cæsar by his rivals; the management

SLINGS AND ARROWS

of "The World" by Cassius, in the temporary absence of Brutus, causes a row in the camp; Cassius refuses at first to be interviewed by Brutus' reporter on a matter of public importance; but is finally reached by the same and talked to death; the successful interviewer, who possessed a more tender conscience than his modern prototype, flies the country, so that he shall not be interviewed in turn.

Mark Antony and Octavius start a rival sheet at a time when Brutus, in an exciting campaign, writes bloody-shirt editorials and loses his right-hand man, Cassius; a fearful error creeps into "The World," which results in the proof-reader, Titinius, being be-rated by the foreman, Messala, and the compositor being "fired;" the people "pi" the forms of "The World;" the accumulation of misfortunes drives Brutus to suicide, and in a spirit of true journalistic fraternity Mark Antony devotes a double-leaded editorial to an obituary complimentary of the deceased. There are in the play the usual appointments of a well-regulated newspaper: Poets, with excitable citizens ready at hand to pitch them over the back stairs; compositors, proof-readers, amateur reporters, and the inevitable ward politicians, who are always on hand to fill the managing editor's sanctum. The cast:

J. Cæsar, publisher of "The Palm;" political rival of Brutus.

Mark Antony, a Bohemian journalist, paid on space.

Caius Cassius, an editorial writer, but no business man.

Marcus Brutus, managing editor of "The Majestic World."

Casca, a surly capitalist, and an amateur reporter.

Lucius, Pindarus and Messenger (no first names), reporters.

Portia (Brutus' wife), assistant managing editor.

Cinna, a poet, who wrote poems for the Capitol.

Foreman of composing-room. Titinius, proof-reader.

Compositors, spring-ode poets, citizens, etc., ad lib.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

We now proceed to demonstrate these facts, and to throw such a flood of light on journalism in ancient Rome as would astonish Niebuhr himself. Cæsar, who, like many of his Boston prototypes, is a military man, publishes his Commentaries and despatches relating to the war from which he has returned in triumph, in his own paper. Before setting out to receive the applause of his fellow-citizens, Colonel Cæsar instructs his foreman to hurry out the paper with the detailed report, saying Act i., Scene 2, "Set on; and leave no ceremony out." Cæsar's injunction is proof positive that he was a model manager of a paper, as never one yet existed who did not expect a foreman to leave "nothing out," and get twelve columns of matter into nine of space. But this subordinate, who appears to have been a model foreman, cheerfully complies, observing,

I shall remember;
When Cæsar says, Do this, it is performed.

Such good discipline results in the appearance of "The Palm" with the big exclusive of Cæsar's campaign and victories. This maddens Cassius, who, with his usual impetuosity, berates Brutus for not getting as mad as himself over the fact that their paper is so badly "left." He complains of evident neglect, which has prevented his usual vigorous editorials:

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

One of these cogitations appears to have been the story which was immediately published, thus showing that "The Majestic World" of ancient Rome used to run stories like the "Boston Globe" of to-day. Cassius' story is called "Honor," he remarking that

SLINGS AND ARROWS



"Set on; and leave no ceremony out!"

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Honor is the subject of my story," and he shows a synopsis of it to Brutus. But above all else in this natural conference between a managing editor and his associate rises the overwhelming fact that Cæsar has beaten them on a big exclusive, and Cassius, becoming bitterly personal in his remarks, says of the successful newspaper general:

Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of "The Majestic World"
And bear "The Palm" alone.

Casca might have been responsible for this, for though we are not acquainted with all the secrets of the business management of "The Majestic World," Cassius suggests that Casca is to blame; perhaps because he would not pay the expenses of a war correspondent, for the campaign in Gaul, thus tying the hands of the editor:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

We don't desire to do Casca wrong, as circumstances prevent his answering any charges. We hasten rather to do him justice, by suggesting that Brutus, who appears to have been a man of means, might have purchased a controlling interest in the stock and ceased to be an underling. That Brutus was stingy is plain, for we shall soon find him girding at Cassius because he could not get some money from him—another proof, by the way, that Cassius was an editor—and this, too, at a time when the campaign had fairly opened and bloody-shirt editorials were at a premium. Still more remarkable proof that Cassius was an

SLINGS AND ARROWS

editorial writer (paid on space, probably) is given by Cæsar himself, who says:

Yond' Cassius hath a lean and hungry look,
. . . Would he were fatter.

From which, and the following remarks, it is obvious that Cæsar would have liked to pay the impetuous hungry writer a better salary on "The Palm," if circumstances allowed, as he (Cæsar) had the highest regard for his abilities:

He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.

In this same scene Casca is introduced as an amateur reporter, and he gives a detailed account of the scene at the presentation of the crown to Cæsar. Brutus and Cassius depart, the former to get the report put in type, at Casca's suggestion:

Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed.

An inflated style of suggesting that the matter be put in type, but characteristic of "journalists."

Cassius departs with the intention of writing editorials "prominently mentioning" Brutus as chairman of the "bloody-shirt" convention, and circulating them as campaign documents:

Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let Cæsar set him sure
For we will shake him or worse days endure.

Cassius gets a number of ward politicians and a poet to distribute advance proofs of this. A curious

SLINGS AND ARROWS

bit of dead-headism is here exhibited. Cinna, the poet, distributes some of these documents, and is promised a pass to Pompey's Theatre for his work:

CINNA.— . . . Well, I will hie,

And so bestow the papers as you bade me.

CASCA.—That done, repair to Pompey's Theatre.

In Act ii., Brutus, in his study, receives one of the campaign documents and prepares to write it up. The writing of Cassius is "bony," and Brutus "pads" it into shape; "Thus must I piece it out." The columns of "The Majestic World" were evidently not crowded. In the same act he receives a deputation of ward politicians and poets, and when the proposition to "cut and slash" Cæsar is made Brutus consents. Mark Antony, who evidently has sent in a special of some kind, seems to have won favor from Brutus, who directs his editorial assistants not to "butcher" Antony's copy, only cut it judiciously: "Let us be sacrificers, and not butchers, Caius" (an axiom which many alleged editors should paste in their hats). Artemidorus, one of Cæsar's reporters, gets scent of the caucus in Brutus's study and gives the thing away. But Brutus, called away on business, leaves Mrs. Portia Brutus in charge of his paper, and she at once dispatches a reporter (Lucius) to the Senate house, Act ii., Scene 4:

I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house,

And take good note what Cæsar doth.

Act iii. discovers Cæsar pestered by a crowd of contributors, and afterward assailed by his critics, who cut him up badly. They are so overjoyed at their success that Metellus Cimber talks of "standing something," till Brutus, who appears ridiculously virtuous,

SLINGS AND ARROWS

if not a blue-ribbon man, says: "Talk not of standing." As is well known, Mark Antony here appears, and at once takes up the management of Cæsar's affairs. The effect of the death of Cæsar is an increased circulation of "The Majestic World," so great that Mark Antony starts out to see

—How the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men.

In his few remarks on assuming the editorial chair of the deceased Colonel Cæsar's paper, Mr. Antony hints at the character of Casca, the capitalist, and suggests that Julius Cæsar had to pay through the nose for the means of publishing "The Palm." Antony gives the figure to the people, saying: "See what a rent the envious Casca made," though the per cent. thus gained on capital invested is not stated.

The result of Mark Antony's oration is that the people want to go and demolish the office of "The World," a Ward 4 citizen being especially anxious to "pi" the "forms," or, as he inaccurately expressed it, "pluck down forms." One good thing they do is to kill the poet Cinna, who lived by "The Capitol," "for his bad verses." No one but a master like Shakespeare could have anticipated a crowd of Boston's best men killing a bad poet.

The celebrated quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is only clear to the reader when their business relations are considered. Cassius has a grudge against Brutus because he rejected his editorials on Lucius Pella, and won't lend him a few dollars, while Brutus, on the other hand, charges Cassius with inserting some vile advertisement in the paper while left in temporary charge. Besides, it does not seem improbable that the impecunious Cassius cared more for money

SLINGS AND ARROWS

than the character of the "ad.," for Brutus indignantly repudiates his action:

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For such vile trash?

Cassius also complains of being interviewed. "All his faults observed, set in a note-book." It is also a wonderful proof of the great dramatist's instinct that even this serious row between the editorial staff is interrupted by the ever-fresh poets, which provokes Cassius to sour on one of them: "How vilely doth this cynic rhyme!" Vile, indeed, must have been the productions of these poets, when, even in such a scarcity of copy as wrings from Brutus subsequently the confession that "The people grudge us contributions," and that Antony by their means "shall make a fuller number up," he is yet bound to refuse their offerings.

Octavius joins Mark Antony in his newspaper venture, and is bent on having some settlement of old scores with Brutus & Co. It is here in the first scene we get an idea that Brutus was a stalwart Republican of the bloody-shirt stripe, and as bad a penman as Horace Greeley himself. Messenger, Antony's reporter, announces the fact of a "bloody-shirt" editorial, saying the "bloody sign of battle is hung out," showing on what basis the Philippi campaign was conducted, while Antony, Octavius and Brutus "go for" each other in a wordy war. Brutus' bad writing is assailed by Antony: "In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words," a very mild rebuke, when it is considered that Brutus has contemptuously referred to Cæsar's paper, and in language suggestive of Denis Kearney's "slimy sheet" diatribes: "It is the bright

SLINGS AND ARROWS

day brings forth the Adder.” (Act ii., Scene 1.) Brutus had also made the most of Cæsar’s trouble, for he published it in “The Capitol” also (Act iii., Scene 2): “The question of his death is enrolled in ‘The Capitol.’”

Cassius’ reluctance to be interviewed is shown in Act iv., Scene 1, when Lucillius returned to Brutus without having accomplished anything for the paper, saying that Cassius received him

With courtesy and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instance,
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath used of old.

How sensible Cassius was in declining to be interviewed can be seen by referring to Act v., where Pindarus at last gets him to talk, and Cassius meets his death at the hands of his interviewer. The wretched reporter, overwhelmed by remorse, “skips the town,” saying,

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Romans shall take note of him.

The troubles of Brutus & Co. seem to increase. The foreman discovers a big error, and “goes for” the proof-reader in rather high-flown terms:

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, Melancholy’s child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never com’st unto a happy birth,
But kill’st the mother that engendered thee.

This is a specimen of the high-toned balderdash which Shakespeare occasionally uses to wrap up in great mystery a commonplace matter. Looked at

SLINGS AND ARROWS

in a common-sense light, some compositor, nicknamed Melancholy, made a bad error, and the last line, "Kill'st the mother that engendered thee," is simply a ranting way of saying that the type-setter was discharged. In modern language it would read, "John Smith was fired."

Other evidences of the real plot of "Julius Cæsar" could be adduced, but the above is sufficient to show that there was a marvellously suspicious resemblance between the journalism of ancient Rome and the modern Athens, and that the many-sided character of Shakespeare's writings has received a fresh—very fresh—illustration. It is safe to say that no one ever discovered these points of Roman journalism before. It is equally safe to say that no other Shakespearian critic will attempt it again. But, in the writings of Shakespeare other than "Julius Cæsar" many instances are given of his views on modern journalism. Falstaff, the original "Fat Contributor," in a fit of remorse, admits that he has "misused the King's press damnable," but perhaps not worse than the present writer has misused Shakespeare.



SLINGS AND ARROWS

Ulysses S. Grant.

(From the Boston Daily Globe, July 23, 1885.)

Why should we weep for him who ever lives,
Whose name shall ever breathe of lofty deeds.
Whene'er the times shall come, as come they will,
That try each heart;
When, bowing 'neath the cross of some great trust,
The nation moves, thorn-crowned, with bleeding feet
And bitter smart,
To loftier heights of human hope and life,
Won by the turmoil of a fearful strife?

For it hath ever been—and aye must be—
That as one travaileth with bitter pain
Of human birth,
Yet all forgets the pain in holy joy,
Rejoicing that a man-child has been born,
Of rarest worth,—
Birth-throes of agony the world must meet
Ere yet its best and bravest it can greet.

A nation springs to arms: What hand could wield
This trenchant weapon of a people's will?
A master hand
It needed sore, and seemed to seek in vain,
And dire defeats, like cloud on cloud, arose,
Till all was dark. Then flashed the sword on high,
A conquering brand!
And men looked up and in its flash could see
The name of Grant, presaging victory.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Raise the Union flag on high;
Higher yet!
Why should it droop, half-masted, as for one
For whom his country only vainly mourns,
And may forget?
He ever held his country's flag on high,
Though at his challenge-cannon's breath
Heroic foemen rushed to death;
Pouring their blood like water at his feet,
In hope to see the Stars set in defeat.

Raise it with proud salute,
The cannon's roar,
Their deep-mouthed baying borne upon the breeze
Shall voice the nation's pride in his brave deeds,
From shore to shore.
Till the wide world, o'er which his fame extends,
Shall join with us in joy for him who lived—
Who lived? Is living, and shall never die
While yet the Union stars shall gleam on high!



A Belated forefather.

**fight-the-Good-fight-Smith Takes a Walk
Around the Modern Athens.**



THE last stroke of 9 had sounded from the tower of the Old South. The night was dirty, damp and foggy, and along the whole length of Washington Street not a pedestrian's footstep disturbed the unbroken silence which followed the last stroke, but a head cautiously peered from a near doorway in hope to catch through the mist and drizzle a glimpse of a homeward-bound car.

As the individual to whom the head belonged began to get used to the peculiar atmospheric conditions he saw through the fog a weird figure cautiously emerge from rear of the Old South, and gradually edge up Milk Street in close proximity to the meeting-house, as though he dared not trust himself to stand alone, but needed the friendly assistance of the ancient structure.

He was a quaint character, both in dress and ap-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

pearance. His observer, who had quite forgotten his anxious search for a car in his interest in the second comer, came out from the doorway so that he might obtain a full view of the shadow stealing along the wall. Just at that moment the electric light took a freak to run low, and in the interval the figure had made his way to the edge of the rail at the corner of Washington Street, to which he seemed to be clinging with sheer desperation, as if afraid to trust himself from the friendly hold-on the spiked heads of the fence afforded.

He was not drunk. So much was evident, fog notwithstanding, to the solitary spectator. He did seem to be stupid or half asleep. He rubbed his eyes, and looked up half timidly at the high buildings, and seemed to shrink from the pitiless glare of the electric light. The solitary spectator—whose name for simplicity sake we may believe to be Brown—began to grow more interested as the figure near the railing showed evident signs of perturbation. Brown, accustomed always to view things from a practical standpoint, set down in his mind that the individual at whom he was gazing had been one of a masquerade ball, and so in good fellowship, he crossed the road and accosted the leaning stranger, whose appearance justified the thought which had filled Brown, that he was gotten up in excellent taste for an early Puritan, and that he might almost have walked out of the picture gallery in the Old South quarter-dollar museum.

"Say, old fellow—excuse me," said Brown. "Are you waiting for a car?"

The masquer—if he was one—turned a rather white face to his interlocutor, showing meanwhile evident marks of perplexity, not unmingled with fear. When he spoke it was with a strange accent, and a

SLINGS AND ARROWS

still stranger trembling that suggested to Brown that he had not been used to the sound of his own voice.

"Car?" the stranger repeated. "Nay, I know not of Carr. But I would fain find the home of Dame Dorcas Doughty, from whose threshold I have strangely wandered this night."

"Don't know her," replied the other. "Too late to find a directory, either. What street d'ye want?"

"Truly friend, I have forgotten, but methinks it was near Blackstone, and close to good Master Stillman's house and pasture."

"Say," said Brown, on whom a light seemed to have come. "Ain't you going it rough on a feller on this racket? You ain't playing Puritan here as well as at the ball. Where's your ulster? I tell you it's a good night to catch cold."

"Friend, I know not of what you speak, save that you rightly fear, as I do myself, that I might catch cold, and I would that my camlet cloak—which was trimmed with Muscovy fur, though 'tis vanity to speak of such trifles—were on my shoulders now."

"I tell you," said Brown, confidentially, "it's tough to be out in them clothes to-night, and it's a mighty poor racket to shove up an ulster early in May. Now I never see my uncle on Salem street till June——"

"Good friend," said the other, "thou hast rightly said, 'Twas on Salem Street that my camlet cloak was left——"

"I thought so," interrupted Brown. "I really thought so! You've been on a pretty bender, ain't you? Who are you, and where in time did you come from?"

"I scarcely know," said the other. "I seem to have been long asleep; to have been newly awakened. And my name is Fight-the-good-fight Smith."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Professional name, probably," said Brown. "What is it off the bills?"

"Thou speakest strangely, friend. But Smith is my surname, and the given name, or that which the vain prelatists call the Christian name, is as I have given thee—Fight-the-good-fight."

"Fight-the-good-fight John L. would have been better," said the other, sotto voce. But he added aloud, "I fancy I have heard of your family before. Any relation to John Smith? I knew a man of that name once."

"Truly, that was my father's name, after the manner of the world," said F-t-g-f. Smith, with more vigor of reply than he had hitherto exhibited. "He was named John, but for a testimony he called himself 'Touch-not-the-evil-thing.'"

"Blue ribbon man, eh?"

"Nay; he, as did all our kin, eschewed ribbons and such vanities, and sought by plainness of attire to bear testimony against the frivolities of dress, which enslave the hearts of mere wordlings and royalist persecutors."

"Now," said Brown to himself, after a few minutes' reflection, "here's about one of the queerest starts I ever struck. If this fellow ain't carrying on a joke, he's as crazy a loon as ever stepped, or else—" and here Brown seemed to hesitate a moment—"or else I'm more full than I thought I was. But I'll humor him, anyway."

"Say, Fight-the-good-fight Smith—if you don't mind me calling you Fi. I'd like it better, because life's too short to carry so much of a name around. Say Fi., tell us in a word who you are and where you come from?"

"Truly, friend, my name, which thou mayest

SLINGS AND ARROWS

shorten an' it please thee, is as I have said, and my home is in Wanalansett, which the selectmen have decided of late to call Malden, after the name of the town from which my father came, and thither must I walk if I find not Mistress Doughty's home, and I can reach the ferry."

"Hold on!" shouted Brown, as he seized Fi. by the shoulder, and growing more excited as the whole truth flashed upon him: "You don't mean to tell me that you're one of the early forefathers, the 'P. F.'s,' 'the hardy ancestors,' 'the breaking waves dashed high-on-a-stern-and-rock-bound-coast' roosters, do you?"

"I mean," said Brown—"Thunderation! what did these fellows know about themselves anyway? Are you an early settler? Did your ancestors come over in the Mayflower?"

"No; but I did," said Smith, quietly.

"The d—— dickens you did!" said Brown, stepping back against the railing. "Where've you been up to this time?"

"This time?" repeated Smith, vacantly.

"Yes, this time. Don't you know this is the year of grace, 1885, Anno Domini, that is; and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and tenth?"

"United States of Holland?" said Smith, gravely.

"Holland be—glorified! I mean the United States—Columbia, the gem of the ocean—the home of the brave and the free, where the star-r-r spa-a-ngled banner, long, long may it wave, etc. Don't you know nothing?" he added, abruptly.

"No," said the other, mournfully; "save that Mistress Doughty's seems further off than ever, and that, lacking my camlet cloak, I am sorely wet."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"That's where we differ again," said Brown, solemnly. "I'm frightfully dry."

Some suspicion that a mild form of joke was intended in this reply seemed to strike Fi. Smith, and he laughed one of those feeble cachinnations which are built on a basis only vigorous enough to indicate mirth to a very near neighbor—the sort suitable for high-backed pews.

"There's nothing to laugh at," said Brown, ruefully. "I've often been pitched into the middle of next week, but blame me if I ever got mixed up with the seventeenth century before. Are you sure there's no mistake? Are you the genuine simon-pure, 22-carat fine old forefather who came over in the Mayflower—the real *AI* copper-bottomed for fourteen years, first and only original? Come, now, honest injun, are you?"

"I have already said that my name is Fight-the-good-fight Smith; that my abode is at Wanalansett; that I seek, and seek in vain, the home of good Mistress Doughty, and I would fain hope a watchman might come and direct me thither."

"But, see here, one of us is on a false tack altogether. As surely as my name's Brown—D. Brown, Dun Brown for short—I can't make head or tail of it."

"Truly, friend Brown, mariner surely thou art, for thy tongue savors of sea phrases and of sea looseness somewhat—mine errand and desires are plain."

"Oh, it's plain enough to you. I dare say. But what I want to find is a common ground for us to fix on. When did you leave Wana—— what's his name?"

"Wanalansett?"

"Yes."

"Yester even, the 10th of May."

SLINGS AND ARROWS



A Proceeding Which Horrified Fight-The-Good-Fight.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"In what year?"

Fi. Smith laughed his feeble laugh once more. "I said yester even, and, of course it is 1662."

"Well, you're out altogether. This is 1885. Do you mean to say that you never heard of George Washington, King George, Jeff Davis, Jim Blaine, President Cleveland, the mugwumps, Tom Keenan, Jesse Gove and W. S. McNary?"

"Never."

"Did you ever hear of Joe Jefferson, or Rip Van Winkle, or P. T. Barnum?"

"Never."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, Fi. Smith. Our fortune's made right here. What'll you take to star the country as the originallest and longest-slept Rip Van Winkle this great republic has produced?"

"You talk in riddles, friend Brown, and speak a language of which I know nothing. I seek Mistress Doughty, with whom I lodge this night."

"You'll probably find all that is left of her on Copp's Hill," said Brown reflectively. "Anyhow, 'tis too dark to look her up. Let's take a walk down street, and see if you know your way."

"See here," continued Brown, grasping Fight-the-good-fight by the sleeve of his leather doublet. "Cast your eagle eye on this tablet in front of the meeting-house and tell us what you think of it."

Fi's eyes followed the direction in which Brown's finger pointed, and read the tablet over the Old South Church.

"I see the record of the gathering of the church, at which I was present," said the Puritan, quietly; "but I know not what is meant by the words 'Deseccrated by the British troops.' Who were the British troops?"

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Well, that's good; ain't you a Britisher? Don't see how that could be, either," added Brown, reflectively. "If you did come over in the *Mayflower*, you're a genuine top-notch American, anyway, from the very nature of things. You're an American, ain't you?"

"Nay, friend, I'm an Englishman, my father being one of Master Hold-fast-the-truth's congregation, who left Maldon for this province of Massachusetts Bay."

"Then, of course, you're a Britisher?"

"Nay, indeed, I know not the name."

"Don't think you know much, anyway. Been naturalized?"

"Anan?"

"Anan? that means don't understand, I s'pose," answered Brown. "We'll let it go till to-morrow, anyway. But I wish you'd read up on the current events of the day."

"Nay, friend, count me not ignorant of matters pertaining to our life. Did not Master Holdfast's letters tell of the work done in England of late, and have I not here his latest godly tract whereby I am advised, 'The Godly Rushlight which Gleams in the Dark Places to Light the Nation on the Road to Grace,' being the story of that godly man and true Gideon in valor, Oliver Cromwell?"

"Guess you'd better leave Oliver Cromwell alone," said Brown. "Eliminate him, as it were. He isn't very popular around here at present. Redmond's on deck just now."

"Tell you what it is," continued Brown, holding *Fight-the-good-fight* by the middle button of his doublet, and shaking his index finger in his scared face. "Will you kindly bring your slightly dormant faculties to bear on the astounding proposition that

SLINGS AND ARROWS

you are about 240 years old, at the least computation."

"Nay, friend, I am——"

"Now; don't interrupt, and I'll try to put the matter in shape intelligible even to your somewhat old-fashioned intellect. You have evidently had a long sleep; fell off in 1662, and woke up 230 years later. Now, I'll give you five minutes for this to get through your thick head, and then I've a proposition to make."

"Good friend Brown, I am reminded even by thy quaint talk, of the circumstances under which I came hither. Some of us had been hearing that godly man and great scholar, Master Thwack-the-cushion, discourse on the mystical number of felloes in Naaman's chariot wheels, in which grave subject I was much interested till, I grieve to say, I fell asleep, even as the young man Eutychus."

"But, unlike Eutychus, you weren't picked up for dead; only you slept so long and so sound as to be unable to die comfortably, like your forefathers," said Brown, gravely. "Now, here's a pretty kettle of fish," continued Brown, with half-drunken seriousness; "by this little racket you have deprived yourself of a numerous brood of descendants; your descendants, owing to your persistent habit of sleep, have been deprived of a Mayflower ancestor—though how you can have any descendants, seeing you've been asleep for more than 200 years, is more than I can figure out."

"See here," Brown broke out in sudden energy, as he felt himself getting considerably mixed, and determined to start fresh: "You excellently preserved old master, will you take a ramble about the city, and tell me what you think of it? The opinions of a real Rip Van Winkle like yourself would be worth having, and I'll try and explain if I can what sort of a figure

SLINGS AND ARROWS

this city of your'n, which used to be a town, has made in history since Namaan's chariot wheels set you off to sleep. Is it a bargain?"

"Indeed, friend Brown, I am at thy service in this matter, for I am impressed with the strangeness of things around me. Seemeth it not like the *Vanity Fair* which good Master Bunyan wrote of?"

"Master Bunyan never wrote '*Vanity Fair*,'" said Brown decidedly. "I don't know much about books, but I do know Thackeray was the father of Becky Sharp. But is it a bargain? Will you trot?"

"I will, friend Brown."

"Well trot."

It was a remarkable circumstance, which Brown in his excitement did not at first notice, that the people who had been snugly concealed in the doorways, and now came out as soon as the rain ceased, and began to fill up the sidewalks, did not appear to be half as much impressed with Brown's singular companion as he (Brown) had the right to expect. As a show, *Fight-the-good-fight* Smith appeared to be a failure, and once or twice Brown had to touch the quaint figure at his side to make sure that he was not the victim of some vile delusion.

There was no deception, however, about the guileless nature of *Fight-the-good-fight* Smith, son and sole survivor of *Touch-not-the-evil-thing*, his father. He trotted alongside of Brown too much astonished at the condition of things around him to say much, while his companion was at a loss to begin his self-imposed task of trying to convey the ideas of the nineteenth century to this seventeenth century Rip Van Winkle.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

A considerable period of remarkably eloquent silence thus ensued as they passed down the street.

Brown soon found the quiet intolerable. "Fi," he said, as if struck by a sudden thought, "how are you off for soap?"

"Truly, friend Brown, that question is one which can only be answered by the maid servants and such as do the menial offices of my house at Wanalansett. I know not of soap."

"Oh, ah, I forgot. You see," said Brown, "I don't exactly mean soap, but the fact is I'm busted, strapped, cleaned out. How are you fixed?"

"I am not at all fixed, good Brown. I am grievously unsettled."

"So 'mi," muttered Brown. "You haven't even got some cents about you?"

"Verily, I hope so."

"How much?"

"Good neighbor, you are pleased to be witty; say rather how many; unless, indeed, you seek such subtlety of distinction as good Master Holdfast-the-Truth specified. Yea, as he sayeth so well, there is a carnal or an earthly sense, a spiritual sense, even as there is a modest sense, and——"

"Nonsense," broke in Brown, irritably, "I wish you'd either understand the language of the United States or seek some more congenial clime, or a richer neighbor. Have you the spondulix, vile dross, filthy lucre, root of all evil?"

"Money?" queried Fi.

"Yea, good Fight-the-good-fight; the best sense of all; that which does duty in your once godly town for the moral sense," remarked Brown, imitating his neighbor's twang, as he sought to be sarcastic. "Money's the thing that talks. Put up or shut up."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Indeed I have none," replied Fi.

"If you haven't we must go on our cheek," said Brown, after a pause, during which he had recovered his temper. "We're in for it, and must go through."

"What do you say to turning in here," he continued, as they neared the porch of one of the theatres, down the lobby of which a number of spectators had come out to study the weather conditions and take preliminary precautions against the damp.

"Is it a meeting-house?" queried the Puritan.

"You can safely bet your basal dollar on that; that's exactly what it is."

"And is the doctrine therein uttered unto edifying and of a sweet savor?"

"Regular dispensaries for the diffusion of taffy," replied Brown. "Right you are, my boy. By Jove, you're taking a tumble at last."

"Nay, friend, be not profane. I keep my feet; even better, methinks, than yourself, and am even less swayed to and fro as a reed that is shaken in the wind."

"Wait till you're three sheets in the wind, my right-eous young—I mean old—snoozer, and you'll sway, too. But, see here, this is a theatre. Did you ever hear of one?"

"At Ephesus, where certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, obeying the commands of the Evil one, fought against the good things ministered unto them by the apostle," replied Fi.

"Never heard of the place. What was it? Variety, vaudeville, comic opera or one of your regular old blood-and-thunder stock companies?"

"Nay, indeed, it was not a play-house. Godly Master Boanerges Muchwind explaineth in his——"

"Oh, never mind old Blowhard. This is a play-house. Now I'll put it to you, Fi," said Brown, sink-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

ing his voice to a confidential whisper; "will you go in for yourself and see what it is like?"

"I have much curiosity; for, indeed, I have heard of such, but that it is even as vanity and vexation of spirit, the striving after the wind of pleasure."

"Lots of wind-storming, that's a solemn fact," interposed Brown, "also scene-chewing occasionally."

"And did not my grandsire, Habakkuk Smith, a man cunning in the world's lore, yet great in grace, warn us against certain unseemly tales of one lewd fellow named Wagstaff or Shakespeare, or such carnal name."

"I didn't allude to Shakespeare," said Brown. You needn't fear meeting him, anyway. We're too highly cultivated in this city to waste our time in filling theatres to hear his unseemly tales. We're way head of him; and have reached and prefer Harrigan & Hart as a steady diet."

"Perhaps, on the whole," said Brown, as his financial condition occurred to him, "it would be better for your moral welfare not to go in. Now tell me what strikes you as most singular in this godly city?"

"Truly, friend, the light above us, which shineth even as a candle set upon a hill which cannot be hid. I cannot fathom it. It seems to me that I remember only last evening grieving sorely that my lanthorn was misplaced, and now the street has grown larger, and the light shineth as the day."

"That's the electric light," said Brown, promptly.

"Whence cometh it, then, friend Brown, and why is it set up on high, even as a star?"

"It comes high," said Brown, thoughtfully, "but we must have it. This thing is new to you, of course; so are a good many things. It will be my pleasure," he added, patronizingly, "to explain all to you. You

SLINGS AND ARROWS

see, Fi., this is an age of enlightening. We're way ahead of your candle lantern, Fi., by a majority of at least 1999, for the light above us is equal to 2,000 of the candles you carried around the last time you were on deck."

"Friend Brown, you jest, or speak in strange figures or vain parables."

"Parabolas, you mean, or parabolic reflectors. I'm talking science now. See, Fi., the light is brought on wires; there's a generator and a dynamo, and a—a—what do you call it? A what's-it's-name behind that, run by a steam engine."

"A what?"

"A steam engine; boiling water, you know!"

"It does not seem clear, friend Brown, but methinks I am dazzled by your explanation more than by the light. Did you say a what's-his-name runneth on boiling water?"

"No, I said nothing of the kind," said Brown, testily. "I'm getting into hot water myself, and out of my depth, too. I tell you it's an electric light!"

"And what, if it be not unseenly, is an electric light?"

"Thought everybody knew that," said Brown, contemptuously. "An electric light—why, an electric light is a light by means of electricity. What the mischief should it be else?" he added, fiercely.

"Indeed, I know not," said Fi., ruefully; "yet I fain would know."

"Well, there's evening schools," said Brown, savagely, "and there's prospectuses of electric-lighting companies that'll give you more scientific description in exchange for the purchase of treasury stock than I can. Gas is more in my line. Now gas, Fi., which is set in the lamp-posts on the streets, is what we folks

SLINGS AND ARROWS

were contented with before Jablockhoff and Edison came into being."

"And what is gas?" said Fi.

"Gas? You ought to know what gas is. The Pilgrim Fathers have been the manufacturers of more gas than any other folks I ever heard of."

"And who were the Pilgrim Fathers, and are you sure that they made gas?" said Fight-the-good-fight Smith.

"I should smile," replied Brown.

"Good friend Brown, why not smile then? Mirth may even be made unto edification."

"Well, I would smile if I had the wherewithal," replied Brown; "but smiles cost money, and when a fellow has been feebly endeavoring to paint the town red on a limited salary it can't be did."

"Why should you so paint the town?" said Fi. "Is it not an unseemly garish color?"

"It is, and I'm off color pretty much," said Brown, reflectively. "But we seem to be getting mixed. When I spoke of painting the town red—that is, just a little vermillion, you know, not a deep scarlet,—I used the vernacular."

"Meaning thereby what, good, mirthful Brown?"

"Having a time; a jamboree; going on a tear; a jag; with the chances of a big head on a fellow next morning."

"Again I fail to catch thy meaning, good friend."

"Don't wonder at it a bit. I ain't used to baby talk, but, by the living Jingo!——"

"Good Brown, swear not."

"That ain't swearing. Nobody knows who the living Jingo is, and so nobody's hurt. But Fi," said Brown, sinking his voice to a whisper, "did you ever in your younger days see the elephant?"

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"No such an animal I have heard spoken of by those who in the Levant trade were mariners, and indeed are they not spoken of by Livy, wherein the marvellous relations of the huge beasts——"

"Excuse me, Fi., for interrupting. That ain't the particular breed we look for here, except at circus time. Did you ever meet the tiger?"

"I have even heard of it as a fierce wild beast that devoureth mankind."

"That's the same breed of tiger, any way. And if, as is often the case, it's a skin game, the tiger is especially ferocious. I don't mind telling you that I have been badly left by the tiger."

"Whence come these beasts?"

"Oh, they are here all the time, F.; but they do very little damage in comparison with the bulls and bears."

"Bears in Boston! Good Brown, you surely jest."

"Do I, though? Try it, my little Puritan lamb."

"Friend Brown," said Fight-the-good-fight, timidly, as they passed a large white building; "that is not painted very red. What mansion is it?"

"That's the Adams House."

"Doth Master Adams live therein?"

"Guess not; if he did it would probably be known by another name. I suppose it's called the Adams House because of its eaves. That's a bit of a chestnut, you know, Fi.; but then you probably never heard it before, and would not know a chestnut anyway."

At that moment two ladies passed on the sidewalk, to whom Brown nodded with an easy familiarity. They wished to stop and talk, a proceeding which horrified Fight-the-good-fight Smith so much, as to induce Brown to change his mind about addressing them.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Is it not unseemly and even against the law that these should be on the street unattended, and yet not bent on errands of duty or charity, after candle light, and even after the bell has sounded the hour of 9?" said Fight-the-good-fight, indignantly.

"Oh, I guess not," said Brown, carelessly. 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' you know, or ought to know, being an Englishman."

Fi. Smith turned wearily to Brown, "I am grievously fatigued, good neighbor," he said.

"So'mi," said Brown; "but I don't often get hold of a fellow 200 years old, and you surely slept long enough, and can't be very tired. Now to come back to our science, Fi. The gas being the subject of previous conversation, I want to explain to you that the gas is made from coal. Now, you put some coals on the fire last night, I s'pose——"

"Indeed, friend Brown, I have not seen a coal fire since our goodly ship sailed from Delft Haven."

"Du tell!"

"I am telling, impatient Brown. We always burned wood."

"I want to know," murmured Brown.

"I am giving you the knowledge as well as I can, good friend. We used wood, though some of our kinfolk favored sea coal."

"Well, as I was trying to say, Fi., we extract a gas from coal, and carry it through pipes under the street, and from them into the houses and on the street into the lamps you see shining about you."

"Good friend, it ill becometh thee to say that which is not the truth."

"But it's a solid fact, Fi., I assure you."

"Gas is never solid. Good Master Bailey in his dictionary defineth gas as the most subtle or volatile

SLINGS AND ARROWS

parts of anything, and how can that be solid and be brought in pipes? Who layeth the pipes?"

"Oh, pipe-laying is a regular business, especially about caucus time. Perhaps you don't even know what a caucus is?"

"Nay."

"It's no use, Fi.; I can't tell you, except that it's a meeting where everybody agrees to something they haven't had a chance to disagree about."

"Yea, I perceive, not with unity of spirit, but as wearying of contention."

"Not by a jugful," replied Brown.

The conversation had brought them unconsciously to the corner of Tremont and Castle Streets, down the latter of which they turned, as the sound of a whistle, a ringing of bells and a harsh rumbling sound forced a shriek of amazement from the Puritan, who seemed to be fairly quaking from terror.

"What's—what—is that—good friend Brown?"

"That noise? Oh, the railroad train. See, Fi., we travel in a slightly different manner to what you did the last time you were awake. We run steam engines, which I fully explained to you just now, on iron rails, and when you go back to Wanalansett it will take you just fifteen minutes. We can travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour to-day, Fi.; we can go to England in seven days; talk to folks 500 miles away; we can send to them half round the world in half a minute and get an answer back,—and we can get a schooner of lager for five cents—if we only had the five cents," said Brown, ruefully.

"All this has occurred since you fell asleep on the occasion of Naaman's chariot wheels."

"Friend Brown, I am sorely grieved that thou shouldst speak the thing which is not. An' it were

SLINGS AND ARROWS

possible, methinks, it could only be by art magic and diablerie. Tell me no more such fables."

"'Tain't fables, Fight-the-good fight. Why, we can get news from London of a matter four hours or more before the thing occurs. Why do you stop up your ears?"

"Friend Brown," said Fi., sternly, "to prevent such unseemly tales, which must needs be of the father of lies, from entering therein. Were such things seen our godly judges would hang the perpetrators thereof as witches, as one wicked woman was hanged at Salem not long since."

"We don't hang folks for such trifles nowadays, Fi.; we only roast 'em in the papers. There ain't much difference I admit. It's just as painful while it lasts, but it all ends in smoke. But I've been telling you some solemn facts—dead sure."

"I am weary, friend Brown."

"And you make me tired, Fi.," said Brown, solemnly. "Now I'd like to explain all these things to you, but I can't go back to first principles, you know. I can show you something you will believe, because it's your own church, built by your own folks."

"Here," said Brown again, as they stopped at the corner of Dartmouth Street, "here is your own church, the Old South."

"Nay, Brown, your jest is exceedingly ill-advised. That may be a mosque, such as the Levant traders speak of as in the countries held by the barbarous Turk, or a Venetian house, wherein doctrines that savor of idolatry are given, instead of the true milk of the Word."

Fi. shook his head decisively, and, to turn the subject, pointed to the pile of Trinity Church, which loomed in the dim distance, a confused group, out of

SLINGS AND ARROWS

which the massive square tower alone seemed visible. "And what is that?" said Fi. Smith, pointing to the pile, "a meeting-house also?"

"You're just a-hooting, 'tis. That's a church, after your old English style. One of the prelatical sort, like your father's Christian name, you know," said Brown, who did not profess to know much about the subject.

"The church of the Man Charles and the traitor Laud?" shrieked the horrified Puritan. "I want to find Dame Dorcas Doughty."

"Well, we'll hunt her up if we can," said Brown, kindly, endeavoring to soothe his agitated friend, and across the Common they hurried to Scollay Square.

"Now, Fi., here's something at last you know more about than I do. There's a statue of old John Winthrop, a friend of yours. Perhaps you can tell us why the pirates who made the statue are forcing him to walk the plank. Did you ever see him before?"

"Never."

"Don't know him, eh? Nor I. Guess your memory is going back on you a little. It does with very old folks, you know," said Brown soothingly. "By and by, if you'll think over what you've seen, you can wake up again and come around and see us when we're better fixed.

"If there's anything I really like," continued Brown, seizing Fi by the middle button once more, "it's the company of a jolly little fellow like yourself; one of the first families, who ain't too proud to be seen talking to a common fellow like myself, an ordinary American citizen. For we are a great people," he added, growing more and more enthusiastic, "with a great country and a flag which, if it hasn't braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years, like your

SLINGS AND ARROWS

own, Fi., has been blown about a great deal more than any of 'em; a flag which——”

“Holloa, what are you doing here? Wake up, or I'll run you in, as sure's you're born. Tumble up!”

The speaker was a policeman, and the person addressed was lying against the pedestal of the Winthrop statue. He stood up on his feet and stared stupidly at the officer, as if unable to believe the evidence of his senses.

“Where's Fight-the-good-fight Smith,” he gasped.

“Come, now, give us none of your lip, young fellow,” said the irate officer; “but clear out, mighty quick.”

“I must have been dreaming,” said Brown. And so indeed he had.

But he never really believed it himself, and in his confidential moods will tell the story of his encounter with Fight-the-good-fight Smith, son of Touch-not-the-evil-thing.



SLINGS AND ARROWS

Garibaldi.

And is he dead who gave a nation life?
Who breathed into her dormant soul the breath
Of freedom, and aroused from worse than death
The land he loved to high heroic strife!

Centuries had fled; the chains Italia wore
No longer galled with bitter slavery's shame.
She wreathed the hateful links with richest flowers,
And art and music seemed her highest fame.
In sensuous mirth she drowned each warring cry,
And every throb of Freedom seemed to die.

No longer cowering 'neath the tyrant lash;
Nor sullen with the hopes so long deferred,
She yielded freely to the conquerer's yoke,
The voice of Freedom was no longer heard!
Dead to all hope, she flung despair aside,
And sought to make her slavery her pride.

There came a call from o'er the sea:
"The hour has come! Arise, be free!
Throw off the stranger's yoke."
The answer flashed in tongues of fire,
From stripling son and gray-haired sire
Broke forth the long-suppressed desire—
The languid nation woke!
It flashed from out the Alpine snows,
'Mid Parma's fields it leaps and glows,
Venetia makes reply;

SLINGS AND ARROWS

It gleamed o'er Tuscan hills, and swept
Where Umbria's patriots long had wept.

The Romans heard the cry!
And from the Eternal City rose
The menace to her foreign foes:
Her black-robed tyrants curse and wail
And from the city fly!

Vain is each trembling spell or ban;
Where stands Mazzini in the van,
The mutterings of the Vatican

The patriots' cannon drown!
Southward the stirring impulse tends
Where Naples' lovely shore extends;
Calabria sends the token west,
It leaps from Etna's burning breast,

To cot and farm and town;
Till, answering to the mainland's claim,
Sicilia's island bursts in flame,
And from the Tyrol to the sea
A people strike for liberty!

* * * *

'Tis past; the glorious dream is o'er,

The patriots' arms again are bound,
The gallows-tree, the prison-pen,

Have each their fated victims found.

But gallows-tree nor prison-pen

Can still the thirst for liberty.

Who drinks from Freedom's sacred fount

But once, must live forever free.

Backward the current may be borne,

A moment's space it seems to stay,

Till swelling with o'er-mastering force,

It sweeps all barriers away

And rushes on to reach the sea,

Resistless in its liberty!

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Order is re-established!" Gaeta's dungeons hold
In stern duress the Southern patriots bold;
Novara's fateful field is drenched with blood,
Where Piedmont's patriot prince the foe withstood.
"Peace reigns!" Each petty duke and paltry king
With vengeful triumph makes the country ring.
Betrayed and bleeding at their feet she lies,
But still defiance flashes from her eyes.

O fools and blind! Cry "peace," while servile drones
Te Deums chant o'er murdered patriots' bones!
Cry "peace;" but, bending over murdered sires,
The father's blood the sturdy son inspires.
"Peace reigns!"—'tis but the lion's backward way
While gathering force to spring upon his prey!

* * * *

How the ancient legends pale
When is told the glorious tale
Of the Thousand heroes led by him we mourn to-day,
Like Etna's fiery torrent bearing down upon its prey;
Palermo eager waits
To open wide her gates
When come the heroes crowned from Calatafimi's
fray.

Onward across the straits the force is led,
Victory and Freedom ever at their head:
Conquerors, who knew no foes but Freedom's own,
Led by a king, who gave away a throne!

Where shall our hero rest? Among the dead
Whose ashes consecrate the Pantheon's dome?
"This was the noblest Roman of them all,"
And well deserves the fame of such a tomb.
A Cincinnatus, prompt at his country's call;
A Brennus, who of no surrender breathed;

SLINGS AND ARROWS

A Fabius, who knew to wait or strike;
A Scipio, with new Volturno victory wreathed!
He needs no stately pile nor arched dome;
The hallowed spot which holds his mortal dust
Shall be thereby a temple, ever watched
By Freedom as a consecrated trust!

Lay him to rest upon his much-loved isle.
Where should a sailor sleep but by the sea,
Whose loud diapason forever breathes
The world-wide love he had for liberty?
The breeze shall linger o'er the patriot's grave,
And bear a message o'er each throbbing wave.

Hail to the Chief! From out the shadowy land,
The mighty spirits throng to press his hand.
Hail to the Chief! Mazzini standing by,
With dauntless Daniel Manin, leads the cry.
The martyred spirits of the Forty-eight
Upon their thronging footsteps eager wait.
Hail to the Chief! The centuries reply,
Here live the men whose fame can never die!



SLINGS AND ARROWS

The fatal Mistake.

A Prolonged Agony, Divided into Four Heads and
Several Severe Spasms.

Professor Carl von Puffendorf
M. D. and D. C. L.,
Likewise an M. R. S. C. E.,
In learning did excel.
A prominent instructor, he,
In Berlin University.



The learned initials on his name
Would occupy a column, p'rhaps,
Were I to mention all he'd claim.
The printer would run out of caps;
And so I'll only say that he
Was everything, from A to Z.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

I never like to fix a date
In this inconsequential rhyme—
Sufficient let it be to state
He lived "just once upon a time;"
'Twas when "a good king reigned," and so
You'll know 'twas quite a while ago.

This king to Puffendorf inclined
And Puffendorf on him relied;
The monarch was both wise and kind
And nought to science e'er denied.
To sum it up, I here might own,
Carl was "the power behind the throne."

His subjects drank their lager bier,
And on their festive sauerkraut doted,
Their love of strangers was sincere,
Their hospitality was noted.
They would have counted it a sin
To go and take a stranger in,—

And so they kept the stranger out,
And lived in peace, these worthy burghers;
The wall which compassed them about
Was built of extra-strong Limbergers,
And no untutored nose could dare
The lovely atmosphere to share.

Life moved in quite a placid way;
No social breezes there or storms;
Till Carl von Puffendorf one day,
Struck out a series of reforms.
Why he should do so none could tell,
When things were going on so well.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

But Doctor Puffendorf had read
The works of all the learned surgeons,
Of course it hardly need be said
His views from theirs had wide divergence.
They said that were a man beheaded
His head would quickly be dead-headed.

But Carl took quite the other view,
The other doctors he derided,
He made the monarch think so, too,
When he his purpose had confided.
“You see it, sire, as I explain?
I hope to make myself quite plain.”



The king, who was a kindly soul,
And loved his subjects less than science,
Sent out a corporal's patrol
On whose rare tact he had reliance,
Who promptly captured for the doctor
A sausage-maker and a proctor.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

They brought them to the gentle king,
Who laid the matter straight before them,—
It was a little trifling thing,
He kindly hoped he shouldn't bore them;
The inconvenience might be dreaded,—
But—would they kindly be beheaded?

The proctor cheerfully assented;
The butcher only asked delay,
He had a note, just then presented,—
He'd really like the note to pay.
When that was done, the butcher said,
He'd gladly give the king his head.

The happy monarch shed a tear
Of joy to find two men so loyal;
He kindly hoped they wouldn't fear
To give Von Puffendorf a trial.
They didn't; when the note was paid
Their heads upon the block were laid.

The heads fell off; the headsman's axe
From off their shoulders neatly sliced 'em,
The doctor's skill was put to tax
Upon the trunks again to splice 'em.
He fixed them so that none could part 'em,
And—proved his case, *secundum artem*.

The learned doctors were invited
To come and see these curious cases;
They came, and treatises indited
With learned German-Latin phrases.
The fame of Puffendorf resounded
Wherever learned men abounded.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

But in the midst of joy, alas!
A rumor now began to spread,
(None knew how such had come to pass)
The butcher had the proctor's head,
The proctor on his shoulders bore
The head which once the butcher wore.



The proctor had a pretty wife,
The butcher had a comely spouse;
Each wife had lived a virtuous life—
Now each refused her mate to house;
'Twould be a sin, as all can see,—
Gen. Stat., cap. 165, sect. 3.

The lawyer could not kiss his wife
While locked within the butcher's arms,

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The butcher, dreadful to relate,
Was forced to yield up Gretchen's charms,
For how could he approach his dear
Unless the lawyer came too near?



Thus on two happy households fell
A most unmerited disaster;
I won't upon the details dwell,
But reach the end a little faster.
And so—to right the vicious snarl,
The Diet met with good King Karl.

The lawyers and the doctors wrangled;
The parsons also took a hand in;
They left the matter more entangled
And in despair were near disbanding,
Till some bright genius broke the spell,—
He'd change the women's heads as well.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The Diet caught at this suggestion,
And promptly passed the member's motion;
The wives accepted without question
This means to settle all commotion.
Their heads were off their shoulders sliced,
And promptly on each other spliced.

All thought the trouble here would end,
All praised the wisdom of the Diet
The women's wounds began to mend,
The place resumed its wonted quiet.
Until a dreadful rumor rose
(’Twas started by the doctor’s foes):



SLINGS AND ARROWS

'Twas claimed the matter was much worse.
Than even it had been before;
The husbands, too, began to curse—
Where two were mixed, there now were four.
The matter, which all thought was fixed,
Now only seemed to be more mixed.

The populace, now quite enraged,
Broke out in direful insurrection,
King Karl a steerage berth engaged
(Chicago, Ill., his trunk's direction).
The doctor shipped from Hamburg, too,
In London he was lost from view.

But good King Karl, in Illinois,
Soon saw a way to make things straight
He bought (he paid for them with joy)
Divorces from that gen'rous State.
He took them home, the trouble mended,—
Thank heaven, at last my story's ended.



The Evolution of the Proof-reader.

The origin and evolution of the newspaper proof-reader is a subject far too abstruse for the average writer to handle. The fact that Darwin's "Origin of Species" is silent on the subject shows that even that learned pundit recognized that some things were beyond his comprehension, and therefore were wisely left untouched.

It might, however, be hazarded, simply as a guess, that proof-readers are of the tribe of Ishmael, for "every man's hand is against them, and their hands are against every man."

Like their progenitor Ishmael, proof-readers are illegitimate; they represent an evolution from the composing-room, with a strong flavor of affiliation with the editorial department; a sort of hybrid or mule compositor, with a dash of thoroughbred stock evolved from the "brainery" pedigree of the literary branch of the newspaper business.

Careful inquiries among their natural enemies, the compositors, reveal the unanimous expression of opinion that proof-readers, unlike poets, are made, not born, and that the malevolent powers of darkness are mainly instrumental in their production. This accounts, probably, for the fact that they are systematically and constantly being consigned to the Plutonian domains, but they, somehow, thrive on curses, and occasionally grow fat.

There is a strong probability that the compositors are prejudiced in their ideas concerning their deadly foes, the proof-readers. The development of the latter is, however, a striking proof of the propensity to put

SLINGS AND ARROWS

round men into square holes. With the most singular unanimity it is agreed (also by the compositors) that all proof-readers are incompetent and have "fat" jobs.

The same unfortunate principle of selection governs the appointment of general officers to an army; at least there was never an intelligent private who could not conduct a campaign with more ability than the commanding officer.

Another thing that creates an unfavorable feeling against the proof-reader is the reflection that he lives solely by the errors and follies of his fellow-men. But for that matter ministers of churches and temperance lecturers, no less than jailers and judges, also thrive on the same meat, and it ought not to tell too much against the subjects of this notice.

Let us see for a moment what the duties of a proof-reader are, that we may the better be able to understand what kind of being he is, and what are the mental resources he is required to possess for his peculiar business.

When this communication shall have passed the eagle eye of the editor and received his stamp of approval, it will be sent up stairs for the compositor to wrestle with. Before, however, it will reach him it will meet a villain armed with a pair of scissors and a formidable paste-pot. It is his duty to cut it up into small pieces, or "takes," for the compositor, and it depends largely upon the time which can be given to it whether any one compositor will have enough of it placed in his hands to be able to have any idea of the subject, or, except by careful comparison with some other man's piece of copy, any suggestion as to how the matter should be punctuated, if, as is often the case, the writer leaves that essential duty for the com-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

positor. When the last-named worthy has, under such varying circumstances, translated the manuscript into the types, a proof slip is printed, and, with the copy, passed to the reader for careful comparison, and for the purpose of detecting those peculiar abominations which represent the innate depravity of the types and the occasional slips of the compositor. The proof-reader must note every typographical or mechanical error; be alive to the grammar and construction of the sentences before him; know or guess at enough of the facts to be able to correct the writer, and having thus wrestled with and marked each error, and drawn down upon his head threats of vengeance from the compositor, the proof is corrected and is then ready for insertion in the "forms" for the stereotype room.

Sharp eyes, sharp wit, quickly applied knowledge; a hide like a rhinoceros, so as to be impervious to "kicking," are fundamental requirements of a proof-reader. There are others almost equally important. In the columns of a daily newspaper an infinite variety of topics is covered each morning. The proof-reader ought to know enough of every conceivable subject to be able to correct an error at a moment's notice. He should know Webster by heart; have an intimate knowledge of Latin; be on speaking terms with the French, German and all the modern languages; and be able to at least recognize an old acquaintance in Greek, Sanskrit, Coptic or any other rare tongue; be well versed in the law and its technicalities; have the Bible and all the systems of theology founded thereon at his fingers' ends; know the name of every celebrated or public man, living or dead, of every age or clime; Shakespeare to him "should live in every line," and the whole of the poets be at his pencil tip,—if need be, for the prompt correction of a quotation. And if he

SLINGS AND ARROWS

be not a past master in the art of male and female millinery, and equal to all the technicalities involved in all the goods found in a first-class department and dry goods store, and does not understand more than a little of horse and dog breeding, besides having acquaintance with every trade and mechanical vocabulary, he is but poorly equipped. If he is not an adept in every sport, and can follow a game of base-ball or golf or bowling or billiards, with the ease of an expert, and correct any and every blunder at railroad speed, he is rather worse than useless.

In short, he is, or ought to be, an encyclopædia of all knowledge, past, present or to come.

In addition to these slight accomplishments he must read at a breakneck pace, while the irate foreman looks with bloodthirsty eyes alternately upon him and the clock, especially when the editions are late and the "forms" are waiting. Fortunately the conditions under which a proof-reader generally works in a well-regulated newspaper establishment are calculated to keep him up to the mark. Instead of the dreamy solitude of a quiet study, where, surrounded by an ample library of reference books, he can peacefully plod through an essay, a lecture, a fashion article or a murder case, he is generally posted in the noisiest part of the composing room, where the hiss of steam, the rattle of doors, the tread of many feet and the hubbub and discordances of a large roomful of men culminate. Besides this, he is constantly favored with the delicate attentions of ordinary conversations, and is occasionally baited with queries and acrimonious disputes of his accuracy at the moment when he is trying with the help of his assistant to decipher some bewildering hieroglyph which an amiable lunatic is pleased to call hand-writing.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

In such a case, if it be a name, it is bound to go in wrong; if it be a mere verbal rocket he quietly substitutes another word missile. The chances are of course that the sentence will carry a meaning in the paper that the writer never intended.

The "intelligent compositor" is the direst foe with which the proof-reader has to deal. From the method of giving out copy necessarily adopted on a newspaper, each of 100 compositors may have a few lines of copy to set, the meaning of which, from the absence of the connecting matter, it is only possible to wildly guess at; or it may be that the sense of the matter is the last thing that troubles the intelligent "comp," who is more interested in piling up a night's work than in the subject-matter of the article on which he is at work. In such a case a piece of crabbed manuscript reaches the reader's hands in a state full of distortions, contortions and perversions of words almost incredible to the uninitiated. A lady writer on a Boston newspaper, dealing with matters of import to female readers, so effectually disguised her intentions behind an attenuated, scraggy style of lead pencil writing as to leave a room full of compositors perspiring in the effort to discover whether a word which looked like "pancakes" meant "jabots" or "fichus," and if dresses are cut in "pickerel" style or "princesse." Or a learned political pundit, who knows everything about writing except the art of penmanship, scribbles in ancient Coptic or cuneiform character his opinions and ideas, which by the time it has filtered through the composing room results in half maddening the readers, who not being possessed of the gentleman's ideas are absolutely lost in sheet after sheet of MS. full of suggestions for a half-dozen other kinds of matter

What wonder, then, if mistakes occasionally creep

SLINGS AND ARROWS

into papers, even of the severest respectability. One of them gravely announced that "Rochester, N. Y., is to be connected with Niagara Falls by means of underground wives," when "wires" was the innocent term intended; or that it should speak of Englishmen being indifferent to "Garlic Chester," when Gallic bluster" was what the bold Briton cared little for.

Proof-readers, it may be also remarked, are peculiar in another regard. They sit as judges in a final court of appeals, and they enjoy the distinction—only accorded to one man beside—of being considered infallible, or, at least, those who ought to be infallible. As a rule they are. Still, even proof-readers, like Jove, have been known to nod. One suffered an announcement to appear in a Boston paper that the Legislature ought soon to adjourn, because the "chandeliers" were peeping through the grass in front of the State House, when the unfortunate journalist tried to write "dandelions;" another allowed an ingenious compositor to advertise a "two-storied French-roof horse" for sale; and a third, on the occasion of a forthcoming street pageant, suffered the announcement to go forth that "several widows were for hire" on the line of the procession. Still another permitted a religious paper to give forth to its readers the astounding information that two clerical "fiends" from London would be guests at an expected convocation of clergymen.

Allusion has been made to the practice of cutting copy so as to leave but a few lines—perhaps only two or three—for the compositor to wrestle with. He sees or imagines he sees a combination of letters, and the result is to produce a beautiful "bull." In one instance a small piece of copy thus started referred to a fire. The last words of the preceding piece were: "The

SLINGS AND ARROWS

buildings were reduced to a" and compositor No. 2, neglecting his duty to see sufficient of previous copy to know what the subject was, started with the words apparently written. In this case the proof-reader managed to seize upon the error in time, and thus saved the paper from announcing in a report of a great fire that the immense buildings were reduced to a "mess of onions," instead of a "mass of ruins." In the same way "chaotic revenues" were saved from appearing as "Charlie Devens;" and "Streeter's system of voice building" failed to appear as "Streeter's system of rice pudding."

"Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Men," was a sentence which, amid great applause, a speaker thundered out in Tremont Temple as a part of his political programme. It appeared in a Boston morning paper as "free speech, free soil, free rum," and a whole series of explanations failed to explain to the non-professional reader how such a "bull" could go through. In the same political campaign a paper gravely announced that certain politicians of the opposite way of thinking might be "relegated to the 'coal sheds' of Mount Auburn" instead of the "cool shades." For the same reason—"blind" copy—a distinguished traveller was said to have died in the "richness of sin," which might have been true; but the writer, not troubling himself about the moral condition of his subject, wrote or tried to write, that the traveller died in the "interior of Asia." Perhaps the worst instance on record was where a headline written with the intent to produce the words "A Honeymoon Cut Short" came out as "A Hungarian Cut Throat."

Horace Greeley's blind manuscript made the New York Tribune say of Webster's apostacy, "'Tis one, 'tis fifty; fifty 'tis, 'tis five," when "'Tis true, 'tis pity;

SLINGS AND ARROWS

pity 'tis 'tis true," was what Horace thought he wrote. But Horace Greeley never deserved sympathy. His writing was awfully bad.

Names are a peculiar source of trouble, for if written at all blindly the surrounding matter will give little clew. Still, it is hard to see how in an article on Egypt "Ismael Pasha" could become "Israel Parker," or how "Shadows and fishermen" could ever be a fair equivalent for Sadducees and Pharisees. "St. Peter was a fisherman," said a reporter. The proof-reader managed to fasten on to the fact that the compositor had made it "St. Peter was a policeman," some confusion as to the saint's duties as doorkeeper having doubtless helped to make the "bull."

Latin phrases are likely to suffer from the types. "O Salutaris" slipped by as "O Saleratus" and "Hæc Dies" as "Hair Dyes," while "Multum in Parvo" had a narrow escape from appearing before the public as "Mutton in Paris," and "mise en scene" became personified as "Miss N. Scene."

Some tricks of the types, a letter changed or broken off, will make an awkward error, for which no one may be responsible, and of course these always occur in the most objectionable form. Thus "the Russian General Troubetzoioski was found dead with a long 'word' sticking in his throat," just because the letter "s" had viciously dropped out at the wrong moment; and, for the same reason, "the enemy was repulsed with great laughter," which shows how near wholesale butchery may be a comical episode.

The substitution of one letter for another made a highly respectable Boston paper print a poetic eulogy of Emerson which began, "We brayed and sang together," and another said "Colonel Blank was killed in a bottle."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Between ignorance, innocence, blind manuscript and carelessness the proof-reader's lot is not altogether a happy one. The chances are that while he is congratulating himself on having captured 10,000 typographical freebooters, one vicious brigand has successfully run the gauntlet, and some well-informed individual is sitting on the steps of the newspaper office waiting to call the editor's attention to a serious typographical error.

But, let the proof-reader and his assistant conscientiously struggle against all impediments and difficulties, decipher crabbed manuscript, correct dates, successfully straighten out a careless editor's "facts," or do all that intelligence and care can accomplish—the chances are a thousand to one that when they do slip it is on a point that required only the simple rule of following correct copy, and that the error was in direct violation of the best copy,—printed matter, most likely,—and which the veriest tyro in the business could not have neglected. 'Tis sad, but true, that the "call-downs" are generally deserved.

A little reflection will show that though the proof-reader occasionally nods, he is generally pretty wide awake, and that the papers of Boston will bear comparison with any, either at home or abroad, for literary and typographical accuracy. Recalling the fact that the work we have been describing has to be executed at railroad speed quite often, it is remarkable with how few errors the proof-reader or his assistant can be credited.

The Natural History of the Composer.

The compositor is a tough subject.

It is well for the writer to hasten to remark that the proposition embodied in the first paragraph is not intended to apply to the moral character of the compositor. It is simply a confession that he approaches the discussion of the subject with the modesty which has always been his distinguishing characteristic, and that he feels the compositor is a theme which it is difficult to handle, if the aim is to adequately convey an idea of his features to the general public. In fact, to repeat the expression, which after this explanation cannot be considered obnoxious, even if it is tautological, the compositor is a tough subject!

In a previous article on the compositor's natural enemy, the proof-reader, the writer hazarded a guess as to the origin of those mysterious beings who know everything and everybody, and whose universal knowledge flows from them in inexhaustible profusion. There is no need of guessing as to the origin of the compositor. It is a clearly established fact that he is of spontaneous generation. Just how or under what special conditions he is evolved is not so easily known; but of the fact there can be no question. "The woods are full of 'em," and many have been known to retain their verdurous freshness even to old age. Like Topsy, they "growed," and, like the class from which that immortal piece of ebony was evolved, compositors are frequently raised by speculators, and put upon the labor market at any convenient spot where they can be used to cut down wages.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

In rural life, the compositor may grow up to be a reputable citizen; even to be a church member, and some have been elected to responsible positions. But the country compositor rarely lives long enough for this. Long before the down on his lip has become visible to the naked eye, he dies (rurally) and is "resurrected" in the nearest city. He may return to his old home—to die; in very rare instances he returns to fill his old position. Where such cases occur they are only exceptions which prove the rule that country compositors are loved by the gods, for they invariably leave the rustic world very young and remarkably fresh. It is in the large cities that the compositor is seen at his best—that is, in his most highly developed stage of being. In the metropolitan cities and on the dailies he shows all those charming qualities which entitle him to the distinction of being made the tough subject of his article. He is a gentleman by profession, because an old English statute entitles him to the honorable distinction of wearing a sword. Luckily for the peace of the community this statute has become obsolete in these piping times of social peace.

Of all the varieties of the genus the "intelligent" compositor is the most remarkable. He is the one who constantly appears before the public, always in a negative fashion, be it understood. The public rarely hears of him or from him except when some exceptionally atrocious bull has to be accounted for. On his intelligent shoulders is laid the editorial blame for the typographical villainies from which even the best papers are not wholly free, and on him, too, rests the burden of maintaining the prerogative of his chosen profession.

This profession is of the most respectable kind. Young rustic geniuses, who might, under more rigid

SLINGS AND ARROWS

principles of selection, have made excellent shoemakers or road-menders, have been attracted to "the art preservative of arts" by the highly respectable character with which the profession is invested.

"All one has to do," remarked an intelligent farmer on the business of a compositor, "is to sit upon a stool and pick up little nails out of boxes." For an exhaustive summary of the trade of the compositor this is good. It is only paralleled by the equally comprehensive sketch of the "trade" of a sculptor, where all you have to do is to take a big block of stone and chip off all the pieces you don't want in the design.

There are instances of lawyers who were eminently adapted to adorn any other than the legal profession, and of doctors who would have made tolerably good assistants in a barber's shop or butcher's stall, had a kind Providence governed their selection of a business. But so far as the peculiar species of compositor known as "intelligent" is concerned, he may be dismissed for the present with the parodied remark that, as a general rule, he only requires to know the art of type-setting to be acquainted with almost everything.

The compositor—by which we mean one of the ordinary species—is a bird of a different feather. Out of respect to his feelings we purposely avoid the common figure, "a horse of another color," for if there is anything the average compositor detests it is "horse" of any kind. He is a being for whom we have a kindly feeling; not exempt from error, of course—none of us are. He has his little errors, as proof-readers know very well. Like Cassius, he has cause for bitter complaint, frequently, that "all his faults are observed and set in a note-book; learned and conned by rote," and "cast into his teeth." Sometimes, it is right to add, he has others' faults crowded upon him.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Let us see what his duties are, that we may the better observe the compositor. The reader need not suppose that we are going to lead him through the technical alleyways of the business. The compositor, whose sole weapons of attack and defence are a composing-stick and the thin steel rule which is used for arranging the type on in the stick, stands or sits before a case in which, in separate boxes, are laid the letters of the alphabet and all the characters which go to make up the "typographical embellishments" of a sheet of printed matter. It is his duty to reproduce in type the words on the copy before him, and to do this properly he must be provided, first, with a good eye for the reading of all sorts of manuscript, a correct idea of the rhythm or sense of the subject, to be able to punctuate it properly, and be ready to do it with such mechanical as well as literal accuracy as is demanded. If his copy came before him in large quantities so that he could always tell the subject treated on, or if it were written (as it most frequently is not) with any idea that other people than the writer had to read it, the literal accuracy might be depended on—occasionally. The article on which he is laboring, especially if it be in a large newspaper office, though appearing before the editor as a whole, reaches him possibly in its hundredth fractional part. This difficulty overcome, and the manuscript being tolerably plain, he may be expected, and generally does, produce a clear transcript of the copy set before him. Yet at his fingers' ends the types are always quick and ready to betray him.

If carelessly placed in the cases or if by accident a letter finds its way into a neighbor's compartment, an error, and sometimes a comical one, is the result; or the compositor might easily lose his grasp of the copy

SLINGS AND ARROWS

at a word, and take it up again where a similar word occurs, and thus leave out a portion of it; or he might "double" on a little piece of it; or, again, he might use a capital letter in the wrong place, or his ideas of punctuating the copy might not suit the critical proof-reader, and for all of these he has to be responsible. The innate depravity of the types; the mysterious law of locomotion by which the little bits of metal before him travel out of their proper spheres of action, are all ready to trip him up—even if he had not his own little slips of carelessness to help him on the road to ruin.

But a worse enemy than either, one who assumes a defiant, not to say a blustering, attitude, and with whom the compositor is at deadly and unceasing warfare, is named "Style." "Style" may be defined as an attempt (frequently of the proof-reader, but often of the editor, or both lunatics combined) to reduce a flexible language, like our own, to inflexible rules. Of course it can never be done, but hundreds of otherwise sane men try it, with the necessary result of interminable confusion of ideas and an awful amount of friction.

Sometimes this "Style" has the one merit of rigid simplicity, as, for instance, "Keep up (i. e., use capital letters for) such words as God and Sam Bowles, and let everything else go down" (in small letters). Sometimes a labored attempt is made to create a system, the only merit of which is that it is bound to bristle with exceptions. "Use 'caps' for party names," says "Style." Well, that's easy enough—till it's tried. "Democrat" and "Republican" are party names, and the road seems clear. It is no sooner settled than up crops an exception. "Is 'Nihilist' a party name?" No; in the judgment of the proof-reader, it is not;

SLINGS AND ARROWS

neither is "Mugwump" nor "Stalwart," and so the confusion reigns supreme till "Socialist" and "Communist" and "Anarchist" step in to help the row. Take the word "church," as applied to the Universal Church—the body of Christians of all shades of belief, or in the theological sense of the word, the cause of religion—it is certainly a bigger fellow and more deserving the distinction of a capital letter, which gives at once its meaning to the eye, than "church" which is applied to a special society of worshippers only. Yet "Style" says "down with the church (universal), but up with the "Powump Congregational Church," because that's a clear title of a building! "Style" says: "'Keep down' river, harbor, bay, ocean, etc., but keep up 'island;' else we shall get mixed on Long Island, Rhode Island and Galloupe's island"—a vastly different sort of place. So also is "channel" used with a small letter; but "channel," when used with the definite article and mostly, if not always, applied to the English channel, must be kept down, too, in order to conform to the rule as to "bay, river, ocean," etc. "State" must have a capital "S" if it means the territorial distinction, and so "State militia" appears with the adjective ornamented with a big letter and the substantive a small one.

The first line of a familiar hymn, "The Church's one foundation," seems to halt in conveying its meaning if set "The church's one foundation," for the capital "C" has conveyed the idea of "Church" through the eye ere the other portion of the line has been grasped.

Instances may be indefinitely extended. An arbitrary rule is impossible; yet something has to be done to keep the newspapers from bristling with capital letters. None the less is it manifestly absurd to lay down

SLINGS AND ARROWS

a rule inflexible for that which is always varying and elastic.

All these little things have to be grappled with, however. The compositor, if he fails to hit the exact line, has to pay for it in the time spent correcting his proof, and as no two men ever yet agreed on this subject, any more than on the insertion or omission of that bone of contention, the comma, there is plenty of divergence. Then the division of words at the end of a line involves confusion, correction and consequent loss. If "William" divides at end of a line shall we turn over to the next line "liam" or "iam"? So the fun rages fast and furious, but the compositor generally has to pay the piper. The genius who shall succeed in making a rule which can be inflexible and easy of understanding is yet to appear.

Bad manuscript is a fruitful source of annoyance and loss to the compositor, and is responsible for as many errors as anything else. Still the compositor can occasionally exhibit a striking instance of misdirected genius, even with printed copy or faultless manuscript. If he should happen to be interested in a conversation, not even the fact of printed copy can save him from introducing it in the type. One of the "intelligent compositors" of a daily, more intent on a conversation than his duty, produced the astounding police item that "Samuel Jones was arrested for being drunk at the corner of Shawmut avenue and Constantinople;" another, eagerly discussing the drama, made "shepherdless sheep" appear as "Shakespeare's sheep." Sheer ignorance—though that is not a common fault—made one fresh from the rural districts speak of "Prince Beeswax and his policy" instead of Prince Bismarck. The proof-reader generally gets hold of these before they have time to reach the street. When time presses

SLINGS AND ARROWS

type is sometimes placed in the forms before the proof-reader gets opportunity to read it or the compositor a chance to correct it. And for this reason a leading dramatic critic of this city was made to say that Mary Anderson "cast looks of love at her ten dresses," when "looks of love and tendresse" was the phrase intended.

In an issue of a Boston daily paper a eulogy of a deceased merchant by a distinguished preacher conveyed to the public the fact that "the deceased was a man of sterling Christian character and of a business integrity, oats 87c. to 79c. for May; 90c. to 96c. for June, beyond suspicion," a mixture due to the dropping of a line of type in the wrong place by the compositor. Worse tricks even than this have been played after the types have left the compositors' hands.

But this subject of bulls has already been touched upon in a previous article, and need not be amplified here. Nothing, however, is more remarkable than the accuracy—literal as well as mechanical, which distinguishes the make-up of a daily paper, when the conditions under which it is put together are taken into account. In this the compositor bears an honorable part of the duty, and considering the limitations under which he necessarily labors, deserves a great deal more credit than he generally gets. From this class of workmen, in this country and elsewhere, the number which has attained rank and distinction is very great. It is a business which is in itself a constant education, and which has a tendency to enlarge the worker's capacity, and call into daily exercise the knowledge constantly acquired.

The Household's Queen.

A mother-in-law and a baby is surely household stock-in-trade enough for any reasonable newspaper paragrapher. The mother-in-law is on deck, and the baby is here—heavens, what a yell!

She is a trouble—the feminine pronoun implies that, of course. There was a time in the healthy, vigorous youth of this world of ours when a Roman father could elect whether a new-born babe should



live, or be put out on the highway to kick its feeble way to Jove, or Jericho or Tewkesbury. Unfortunately we have out-lived that practice; now public sentiment is against it, except in China and India. Like sensible men the Roman dads elected to let the boys live, and only sufficient of the girls to justify the expense of keeping them. As a consequence the republic of

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Rome never rejoiced in women's rights conventions, and a women's auxiliary to the Jovian Missionary Society was the last topic thought of for discussion in the households of the fellows who wore the togas.

Marcus Aurelius Pompeianus Julius Scipio never had occasion to steal a novel from the book shelf and retire to the garret, or loaf down the street to where Metellus Junius Brutus awaited the oboluses necessary to procure a libation, because his wife, or their wives, had a meeting of the Mater Gracchi Society for the relief of sick gladiators, or the resuscitation of a moribund society for the suppression of excessive libations. Not they; they simply bossed the ranch and determined the sort of family they wanted by eliminating the undesirable element. Brave old Romans! Unconquerable veterans! Founders of the world; builders of states! I revere them. I wish we could emulate their virtues, especially the one to which I have alluded.

But we can't. Besides, this leads me far away from the subject. Not that that is an undesirable thing for me—the poor reader is suffering. Yet I wish I could get away from the subject as easily as the poor reader can. The “subject” is up-stairs bawling out at the top of its lungs; for what, no one can discover. “Innate depravity,” I meekly suggest, and that suggestion is met by the cross rejoinder that that is the only solid thing the child has inherited from its progenitor. (P. S.—I am supposed to be the progenitor.)

I would like to go to bed; but the “subject” is howling and the women are searching for a mischievous pin or rummaging the closets for castor oil or paregoric, and varying their share of the entertainment by occasionally banging open the door of the room in which I try to shelter myself to ask if I care

SLINGS AND ARROWS

two cents whether "the pretty dear" is dying or not. I'm sure I don't know, and so I can't answer readily. The door is banged again, while "the pretty dear" is yelling away at a forty-baby rate up stairs. The folks on the sidewalk stop; they appear anxious to know what the trouble is; seeing me in apparent comfort, they evidently look upon me as a Roman father "born out of time," as the poet says, and the sidewalk committee's chairman is about to interview the police when a fortunate shadow across the chamber curtain tells of a musical promenade up stairs—the mother supplies the promenade; every one recognizes the music. They pass on, and I breathe easier.

But the subject won't stop howling. "It's getting hoarse, pretty bird!" I hear the aged relict of my father-in-law croak. "It's coughing now——" Why the mischief shouldn't it cough? Could any lungs not made of bellows leather stand the strain of that yell for two consecutive hours? I don't know, in the lull that takes place, whether the cough is not the pleasantest sound I have heard for a long time; anything rather than the yelling.

The lull soon ceases. The baby has stopped protesting, and the long-pent-up indignation of the women breaks out with double force on my innocent head. If I had been guilty of an attempted murder of the infant I could not come in for a worse share of abuse. Again I am asked whether I "care for the precious darling's life;" whether I "didn't ought to be ashamed of myself"—the last is a duet, by the way, and then the entertainment varies into a tearful expostulation that is worse to bear than the tongue banging. I don't believe I'm a depraved, unregenerate villain; but before I have time to display a penitence which seems to present the most reasonable method of es-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

cape the "subject" tunes up again and the ladies fly to its relief once more.

Bless the baby! I never thought, when I started in, to use that expression. I'm afraid I often came nearer to a much more common-place verb. Hope she'll cry long enough to keep 'em up stairs till they all fall asleep and I can crawl up to the odd room and find cold comfort and sound sleep, perhaps. I am just beginning to flatter myself that my scheme is going to be successful when a frightful sound strikes upon my ear.

"Dad! dad! da! da!"

Heavens, it can't be true! The women hear it, and in their malice they are about to wreak a fearful vengeance upon me. I rise and am about to rush for the door when the angular form of my wife's dear mother meets me in the hall. "Are you going out, Mr. X?"

"Going out? out? Lor' no! That is, I—yes—for a minute—I——"

"Is 'oo naughty papa going out when its pretty lipsy-pipsy call its dad, dad, da! No, um ain't going out."

The last fearful hash of baby talk comes from my consort herself.

She's right! Bless her! No "um" ain't going out, and "um" don't.

And the next thing I know a snowy heap is plumped into my arms, and I go back to the side of the stove, with the laughing, kicking, sprawling "subject." She tugs at my beard until the water starts into my eyes from the pain, and then she pats my rough cheek with her velvet paw, and coos "Dad, dad," again, till all the Roman father disappears.

Roman fathers be hanged! Unnatural, pig-headed brutes! It was proper that the Goths and the Van-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

dals should have buried them beyond resurrection. "Crow, you vixen, crow!" Lor', how she crows, to be sure! "Fly!" and I hold the puss up aloft on my extended hand, while she kicks out her little legs in a style vigorous enough for a Cavalazzi. And then she comes down, laughing and crowing and smiling, with



her blue love-lit eyes fixed on mine, till the wee arms slide around my neck, and, murmuring "dad, dad!" again—what a wonderful power of expression she has, by the way, in those two syllables!—sinks the little head contentedly on my breast and laughs again in my face till I stoop down to the "subject" and kiss it. Who said anything of Roman fathers and abandoned infants? Bless my little pet; why, I wouldn't change one dimple of your dear little baby face for the whole Roman empire, the twelve Cæsars and Mother Gracchi to boot.

And so the "subject" becomes the sovereign;

SLINGS AND ARROWS

ruling completely and righteously by right of love and helplessness. And we sit down—my wife and I—and look into the infant's face with tear-dimmed eyes, for we believe we can trace a resemblance to the brave boy who left us two years ago, and we wonder if our hope that another son might come to help fill the awful void is not answered by the wee morsel that is now chuckling over its success in getting its dainty pink big toe between her toothless gums.

And though we were sleepy before, we sit down contented and happy, watching every sunny gleam that sparkles in the bonnie blue eyes of the "subject," and yet thinking of the grave that holds all that is mortal of our little household saint, till the baby's face is transfigured by a wondrous light; and in the depths of those blue eyes we see the hopes and joys of years yet to come, and ere the little head droops peacefully on my vest, and the laughing eyes are closed, we are filled to overflowing with gratitude for what has been given—and harder lesson yet—for what has been taken. In this silent communion we softly steal up stairs, where the two older girls have been preparing for rest. These, kneeling at our feet, lisp, "Our Father which art in heaven," and the old, yet wondrous new words kindle into flame by the interpretation of our own love—till "Our Father" vibrates on our lips, and we become—thank God, even if it is for a brief space—children once more, and sink to rest with His name on our lips and His joy in our hearts.

A White Lie.

A True Story of the Time of Trial at Gettysburg.

Already it is safe to say that no battle of modern times, not even excepting Waterloo, has been the subject of so much discussion as Gettysburg. The shade of the late Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, who once settled some of the interminable controversies on the First Napoleon by proving, according to the strict rules of logic, that no such person ever existed, might almost be invoked to settle forever the multitudinous disputes about this battlefield. In the interests of universal peace, it may yet be necessary to logically prove that no battle of Gettysburg took place, and that the story of the fight, is, like the legend of Hercules, only a modernized version of some folk-lore tradition or a relic or fragment of some sun myth.

Fears of such a fate might well silence controversy, and induce the many differing historians to settle down on the hard basis of "agreed fictions," which the average man is satisfied to call "history."

But the fact that a battle was fought at Gettysburg, nearly thirty-eight years ago, is at present incontestable and there are yet living—long life be their portion!—thousands whose knowledge of the fight not even a logical archbishop nor a whole college of metaphysical cardinals could explain away.

In the company of many of these it was the privilege of the writer to spend a few days. Guided by

SLINGS AND ARROWS

them and others who had made a study of the famous battlefield, the ground was thoroughly traversed, and even the non-military spectator could not resist the enthusiasm and energy with which the veterans of the tremendous battle told the thrilling story. The whole scene became once more clouded with the smoke of conflict. Cemetery and Seminary ridges, Zeigler's farm, the Wheat field, Cadore's house, the little Round Top, Culp's Hill and all the other spots of historic note, were again swarming with the Blue and Gray, and Pickett's charge became a grim reality once more. Here and there, as the line of monuments now marking the positions of the various organizations was reached, the story of the battle was centred in the thrilling tales of individual combat. It was no longer a scene where armies—vague and shadowy aggregations of units—grappled. The scene took on a personal interest. One points to where a tried comrade fell—"first killed in our regiment;" shot through the throat; "there stood our battery;" there again was the scene of a desperate hand to hand encounter as the impetuous Southerner essayed to break down the stubborn resistance of the sturdy Northern men.

It is well that the battlefield should thus be marked. The mind almost refuses to grasp the full story of the titanic contest. Yet standing upon ground made historically sacred to all time by its heroic association, the individualism of which one has been recently thinking seems incongruous—almost absurd.

Here the foot presses the ground which indicates "the high water mark of the rebellion." Here where springs the grass beneath us, on which the patient kine are contentedly grazing, the tide of bloody rebellion reached its highest limit, only to recede in foam, steadily rolled back till it spent its last effort in impotent

SLINGS AND ARROWS

waste near the spot where in awful majesty it seemed ready to engulf the Union in its dreadful surge.

Gettysburg was a Sleepy Hollow. Here in this old town—hoary, as colonial Pennsylvania goes—the low brick houses have their first-floor windows guarded with grim-looking shutters, which when closed seem to shut in the household from the cares and anxieties of the outside world. No compromises are made by means of jalousies or blinds, which permit the sacred light of the home circle to be wasted on the common street. The heavy shutters are not needed to dull the noise and bustle of the busy street, for there is no noise and bustle, save when some band of predatory excursionists or lively veterans from far-off cities wakes for a time the dull echoes of life in Gettysburg town.

Into this primitive, sleepy old burg, in the summer of 1863 came a rumor which galvanized it into anxious, serious life. The war which had been going on “down South” was yet far distant, and only by the exercise of a livelier imagination than the town could boast of could its far-reaching import be imagined. True, many a father, husband and brother had gone into the ranks of the gallant quota of the Keystone State, and here and there a furloughed, a maimed or a discharged soldier might be seen, and his experiences formed the subject of many a “committee on the conduct of the war” which sat in every corner grocery of the land, and strategically defeated Lee, while that great captain refused to be beaten by the official Union commanders.

Now war was a reality. Men shook their heads dubiously; corner grocery strategists even failed to draw comfort from their easy victories.

Not that patriotic feelings were lacking. The

SLINGS AND ARROWS

students of the University and the Seminary, theologues and secular, laid down the gown for the sword. But they were at the threatened State capital, and the absence of the young men who made the town decorously and demurely lively, only gave a deeper and more sombre tint to the prevailing depression.

Some fled—very few; the stay-at-homes would average as well as anywhere. Most of the people waited with anxiety that sometimes bordered on terror for the result, which few dared hope would be favorable to the Union arms. An army often beaten and baffled was coming to try conclusions with the almost invincible invaders. It was learned that a new, but almost unknown commander was at the head of the force. The only gleam of comfort was that he was George E. Meade, a Pennsylvanian, and when did not State pride, like charity, cover a multitude of shortcomings!

So the last days of June, 1863, in Gettysburg wore away, the townspeople alternating between hope and fear.

The solitary telegraph operator had an office in a little dry goods store on the main street of the little burg, just opposite the Lutheran church, which a few days later was a hospital filled with dead, dying and sorely wounded men. In this little store dwelt two sisters, who by patient industry had made a business on which they managed to live quietly and comfortably, as the standard of the sleepy town considered prosperity.

If they had been disposed to leave, which was very unlikely, they could not. Here at the little store, in the house, in the town, were centred all about which their life moved and had its being, and here they stood, not wholly comprehending the import of the impend-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

ing storm, but strong in their determination to remain and face it, though life itself were the penalty.

There was a special danger in the companionship of the telegraph. Not only did its tell-tale click give forth advance notes of terror that paled the cheek and caused even strong men to shudder at the approaching time of trial, and that kept the nerves in perpetual tension, but it was felt that this was likely to be the first place to be visited by the hostile troops, and that the slightest resistance at this point might be the precursor of the worst calamity.

But, it had happened in other places—it might happen there—that the telegraph office, if it fell into the hands of the enemy, would be used to the disadvantage of the Union army. False messages, purporting to come from Union sources, had more than once endangered the safety of the Northern armies, and many a clever capture had been made by means of false telegrams which enterprising raiders had compelled operators to send.

And the operator, a mere lad, perhaps had no relish for the crown of martyrdom. At any rate the two sisters put their heads together, and arranged that a fast horse should be in readiness so that when the first note of alarm should be given the wires might be cut, and the lad with the much-coveted instrument should be enabled to reach a place of safety out of the way of the enterprising cavalryman whose name was even then a terror to the people of the North.

It came sooner than was expected. A messenger, breathless with hard riding and pale with fear, brought the tidings that the dreaded cavalry was approaching. Looking curiously out over the road, it was not long before the first body of men—a very few—were seen descending the hill above the town, on the Chambers-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

burg pike. Then with a hurried message northward the wires were cut, the fleet, black horse mounted, and as the foremost cavalymen entered the little town, and under guide of one of the Gettysburg folk headed direct for the telegraph office, the lad, with the precious instrument in his hand, disappeared in the opposite direction.

To lock the door and return upstairs, in the vague hope that she might escape inquiry, was the work of a few moments. "Miss Mary"—many a wounded soldier of the Gettysburg fight will gratefully remember her by this name, and it is not worth while giving the other,—had been but a few moments upstairs, in an agony of trepidation, when the troop halted before the door, and a peremptory summons was pealed upon its panels.

After a diplomatic delay, the head of the lady appeared from the upper story. Every moment gained was of supreme advantage, but she was keen-witted enough not to exasperate the cavalry officer below, and so she wisely undertook to come down stairs and open the door. It was time. Though only a few minutes had been gained, the threat of breaking in the door was already about to be put into practice.

The officer in command of the detachment, impatient at the delay, rapped again on the door in a very unceremonious manner, and a kick of his heavy boots plainly told the unwilling and now alarmed inmates of the house that his call was not of the most formal or polite character.

At last the inner bolts were withdrawn. It is just possible that in the quiet little town of Gettysburg, bolts, bars and locks were seldom used. At any rate the task of unlocking the door proceeded with a deliberation by no means pleasing to the Southern

SLINGS AND ARROWS

officer outside, who was heard to express his impatience in no gentle tones, and emphasize his remarks by a kick, which the door bore as stolidly as good wood put together by stolid Dutchmen alone could do.

But everything must have an end, even the unlocking of a stubborn door by unwilling hands, and the pale face of "Miss Mary" confronted the weather-beaten, stern face of the soldier.

"You have taken your time, madam," said the officer, sternly.

"The door was always hard to unlock," she tried to answer; but she was interrupted by the officer, who had entered the little store and was busily engaged, in company with one of his men, in searching it.

"Where is the operator?" he demanded, as his eyes fell on the severed wires, and the little desk, which seemed, with its papers and blanks, to be yet "warm" with life.

"Gone," she answered, with trembling lips.

"Gone where?"

"I—I—don't know. He went away on horseback——"

The officer's eyes flashed. He pulled a pistol from its case in his belt, and pointed it at the trembling woman.

"Put it down! put it down!" she shrieked. "It might go off!"

"Yes," answered the cavalryman, grimly. "It might, and it will, if you do not answer my questions truthfully."

"Where is the telegraph operator gone?" he continued, emphasizing his question by a suggestive movement of the weapon.

"I don't know," answered Miss Mary.

The soldier looked at her long and earnestly, and

SLINGS AND ARROWS

apparently satisfied that she had spoken the truth, as indeed she had, accepted the answer.

"How long has he been gone?" The question was a crucial one. If answered truthfully it meant the capture of the operator, the collapse of the whole scheme, and it might be worse disaster to the Union cause than even seemed to be imminent. The few roads leading out of the city could be easily scoured, and the operator run down and captured.

Miss Mary hesitated. There was no resource but falsehood. She had no time to discuss the matter with herself, nor to reason how the falsehood was justified. But falsehood was as foreign to her nature as bloodshed, and she hesitated.

The pistol was again raised; and the stern face of the holder seemed to present no signs of relenting.

"Answer me," he said fiercely—"And mind, now, the truth.

"About two hours and a half or three hours," she stammered, in an agony of terror, for the shining barrel of the revolver gleamed before her, and the eyes of her questioner seemed full of deadly purpose.

The soldier watched her face for a moment and then slowly dropped his pistol. At the same moment the lines of his face relaxed, and he placed his hand on the trembling woman, not roughly, but as if he would hold her, she appearing almost ready to faint.

"Who else is in the house?" he demanded, after a slight pause.

"My sister, I think, sir," she answered.

"Call her here."

Miss Mary went to the little back room; she longed to go to her sister, but the harsh voice of her visitor bade her stay. He had no intention of permitting conference between them.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The other woman came down, if possible more frightened than her sister, yet equally resolute in her purpose to betray nothing.

"What has become of the telegraph operator?" he asked.

It was an awful moment. The falsehood, which a few moments before had seemed excusable, now showed before Miss Mary's eyes as full of awful danger, and her sister's answer to his question she felt, might be her own death warrant.

But there was no longer trepidation or timidity. The pistol was no longer a source of fear. She faced its terrible muzzle with eyes from which every trace of fear had departed and with a prayer for help listened for the answer with terrible eagerness.

It came at last. Sister Jane glanced at her sister, but no words passed. She raised her eyes to the Confederate cavalryman and answered:

"He cut the wires, took the instrument, and rode away on horseback."

"How long ago?"

The question was emphasized, as in the previous case, by the presentation of the pistol.

Sister Jane saw it, but she did not shrink from it.

"About two hours and a half or three hours," she said calmly.

The officer's face fell. He placed the pistol in his belt, and muttered something of apology for his rough method of inquiry, but accepted the answers, and started to search the house.

The answers of the two sisters were purely accidental and the coincidence of the surely excusable falsehood was, it may be supposed, a source of joy to both.

In the days that followed the two sisters tenderly

SLINGS AND ARROWS

nursed the wounded of the great battle, and among those who heard the tale of her "first falsehood" as it fell from her lips, were soldiers who had been the recipients of her tender care as nurse, in the days of agony which followed the fight, when the little church across the street was a hospital.

Twenty-two years after, Miss Mary, standing in the little shop, told the story related above to those who came to make a call of gratitude upon her.

* * * * *

'Twas Ever Thus.

A narrow road, with twining branches bowered;
A pair of lovers whispering in the shade;
A sigh, a blush, a softly-whispered "yes,"
A kiss—and thus the old, old contract's made.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

Three pairs of toeless boots require renewing;
Three boys are waiting for the happy chance,
That "dad" can buy another pair of breeches
(His old ones going to the boys for pants).
A grocer's bill to meet, the winter's fuel lacking;
Rent day next week, and school-books to be had;
The problem how to make one dollar fifty,
Forever pressing on the happy "dad."

TWELVE YEARS LATER.

Three lovers o'er three maidens softly bending;
Six hearts that beat as three, and never sever;
The same old problems looming in the distance,—
And thus the merry world goes on forever.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

A Cold Snap.

" 'Colder and clear,' the 'Indications' say,"
The well-fed citizen at breakfast reading;
"Just what we want. We'll take the pair to-day,
Over the road the merry party leading."
Another wrap for Madame, a foot-warmer,
To keep the cold from off her dainty feet,
A thicker ulster, warmer gloves,—and driving
In clear, cold weather is a royal treat.

A fall of snow, a few degrees more frost,
Is only change from carriage to sleigh;
For life is full of pleasure, and the days,
Or cold or warm, pass merrily away.

But, ah, the wind which fans your rosy-cheek
Might whisper make of other scenes than these,
As rushing from its Arctic home it swept
In vengeful fury o'er the maddened seas,
Of sailors on the high and giddy mast,
Of numbéd hands that clutch a frozen sail,
A misstep on the icy rope, and death
Amid the fury of the winter gale.

More fuel! The chill wind shrieks and wails,
And bends before its breath the leafless trees;
Along the city's margin groups appear,
Who, like you, Madame, seek their body's ease.
Amid the city's rubbish, eager raking.
Your sisters seek to snatch a half-burned ember;
For these have kindred wants, and coals are dear,
As dear as life, Madame, in chill December.

The "Retrojection" of Didymus Jones.

Didymus Jones was a man of excellent and elegant leisure. He believed in ease. True, he had no special need to work. He had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and save a natural desire to do good to his less fortunate fellow-citizens, provided it involved no expenditure of energy, he had little incentive to labor. Jones was willing enough to be good in a passive way—to spend money for good purposes, but he utterly declined to exert himself in the matter.

His wealth, the result of a long life of labor by his father, had come to him with the solemn injunction to rest and be thankful. Jones faithfully carried out his father's wishes. If he had any ambition, which was exceedingly doubtful, it was to inaugurate a Bostonese Nirvana of "changeless, perfect rest."

Had Didymus been an energetic comrade the natural abbreviation of his name would have been "Did" or "Diddy." Among his acquaintances the genial Jones was known as "Didn't," and as he never willingly began and certainly never finished a task, the name was singularly appropriate.

It was entirely in accordance with the fitness of things that Jones, who disliked exertion of any kind, felt the greatest pleasure in witnessing or reading of the industrial achievements of others, while his favorite subjects of study—for he could study—were treatises on the "conservation of energy," and he could go

SLINGS AND ARROWS

into raptures over a new storage battery. A wicked wag at the Algonquin who addressed him as "Latent Jones," very nearly fastened a new name on him.

Fortunately for Didymus his domestic life was a well-ordered one, and everything went by a carefully devised system. He was always well dressed, because he had acquired excellent habits of personal neatness before "he had entered into his rest," and a conscientious tailor, who knew his value as an advertisement, took care that the languid Jones was neither shabby nor unfashionable.

Yet there was one pursuit in which Jones came as near being energetic as was possible without danger to his personal reputation. He was a scholar, because, being blessed with a prodigious memory, and exercising a wise taste in reading, he had become the master of a mass of information which it would have taken others years to have patiently gathered together. He came marvelously near being industrious in the pursuit of his favorite hobby, the antiquities of Boston. Jones was a descendant of one of the first families, and he had in the opinion and somewhat slangy language of his club associates, the pedigree of his family down as "fine as silk," though in the case of Jones' immediate progenitor "as fine as a waxed end" would have been more appropriate.

The North End of Boston was Jones' favorite haunt. His excellent memory served him as note and text book alike. He was so well known down on Salem or Charter Street or in the neighborhood of Copp's Hill, that the cosmopolitans of that locality offered him every facility for examining sites or studying interiors, well knowing that Jones had not only a kindly greeting as polyglottic as the varying nationalities of the people demanded, but a pocketful of small

SLINGS AND ARROWS

change, which had a habit of leaping spontaneously into the dirty paw of any Jew or Gentile who accosted him.

It was at the close of a warm day in summer and Jones had had an unusually long perambulation in his favorite haunt in an urgent endeavor to settle the boundary of some pious ancestor's land and house, which he had accidentally discovered. He had been successful, and had returned to his snug bachelor apartments, which, to be judiciously ambiguous, were not a hundred miles from the Somerset Club.

After his faithful domestics had done their best to make him comfortable, Didymus Jones sat at his ease in a luxurious chair, watching the smoke of a free burning *Reina Victoria*, as it rose in fragrant spirals to the ceiling.

It was decidedly comfortable, with a cool breeze blowing over the tops of the trees on the Common, and a pleasant rhythm in the air, comforting to every sense. The electric light, softened by dainty shades, had just begun to struggle with the fast gathering gloom of the outside world, or to tip with a fairy gleam the objects of "bigotry and virtue" with which the tasteful Jones had decorated his room. One wicked gleam fell upon the brass-headed ebony constable's staff, which was one of Didymus's treasures. It was the badge of office of an ancestor whom Jones had recently discovered. On the floor at the side of his chair lay the half-opened volume of a reprint of Colonial Laws, and Jones in the intervals of smoking, and occasionally catching a gleam from the brass-tipped constable's staff repeated:—

"And that no man may plead ignorance for such neglect or refusal; it is ordered, that every Constable shall have a Black Staff, of five foot long, Tipped at

SLINGS AND ARROWS

the upper end about five inches with brass, as a badge of his Office, which he shall take with him when he goeth to discharge any part of his Office."

And here it will always remain a mystery to Jones just why—though he used to say that the wicked gleam of the constable's staff had much to do with it—why he very deliberately rose from his seat, dressed himself without the assistance of his valet, and started for Copp's Hill, which he had left but a few hours before.

It was with scarcely an effort of body or mind that he succeeded in reaching the old cemetery, which, singularly enough, seemed wrapped in an impenetrable white mist. If Didymus Jones had not been familiar with every inch of the locality, and almost every variety of its smell, he might have felt strange. As it was he put out his hand to grasp the latch of the cemetery gate, but it somehow failed to reach his fingers.

Before he had time to speculate on the narrow extent of the mist he saw the cloud roll up before him as a curtain, or as a morning mist rolls up on a hill-side when the sun begins to show its power.

And what a change the cloud had concealed!

It was no wonder that Didymus Jones had failed to find the latch. The gate and railing had disappeared, and a grassy slope, only partly fenced in at one point, stood there, instead of the old cemetery as he had last seen it. There were no curious old slab tombstones, inclining at all sorts of angles, and impeding the free movement of his feet. Only the long grass now obstructed his movements, and that had been much trodden. The sound of a drum caught his ear, and as he looked in the direction from which the martial tones proceeded, he saw the last files of some

SLINGS AND ARROWS

quaintly equipped soldiery disappearing down the easterly slope of the hill, just where to his certain knowledge the "new" burying ground and part of Salem Street had been but a few hours before.

Only a few graves were to be seen, and on these the new blue slate headstones showed the cheerful skull and crossbones, and the names and dates as fresh as if they had just left the stone mason's hands.

It was a marvelous transformation. Jones rubbed his eyes and then, as a thought flashed across his mind, he mentally consigned the whole board of aldermen, street and park commissioners, superintendent of commons and public burying grounds, and all the other officials, whom he imagined were responsible for thus obliterating one of the most notable historical relics of Boston, to a warmer climate than New England.

As might be expected Jones had a great reverence for his ancestors. Hoping against hope, he strode through the long grass, unobstructed as has been said, by any crumbling stones or mounds, and made his way to the spot where were the graves which he had long since taken special care should be well looked after.

What he should have seen was a time-worn slab of slate commemorating the virtues of "Grace-Sufficient Jones and his beloved wife, Obedient Jones." What he did see was a bare expanse of turf, showing plainly that it had not been tampered with for a long time, and there was no sign of a grave.

The grassy slope of Copp's Hill invited Jones to wander a little farther. He walked, wondering at every step why he was not blocked by the railing on the westerly slope. There was no railing. What was more remarkable, there was no gashouse, with the

SLINGS AND ARROWS

black smoke from a hundred furnaces rising up to the skies. There were no wharves; no Commercial street. The blue water of the Charles actually kissed the pebbly strand at his feet, and flowed down past the hill, unvexed by bridge or ship.

The Hoosac Tunnel docks, with their ugly sheds and huge steamers, had also gone. So had the navy yard. The "Wabash" had sailed off into space, and had taken the Bunker Hill monument, the Waverley House and a whole collection of spires and roofs, with her.

East Boston and Chelsea were represented by beautiful wooded slopes and smooth greensward, but only one or two houses were visible.

A few low-studded houses, comparatively new, yet of antique plainness, stood at right angles to the beach, and formed a short street, at the end of which was a large frame house, almost new, but remarkably ancient in its general plan.

There was something very familiar to Jones in this picture. For a moment he puzzled himself with it, and then remarked that it was almost a reproduction of a sketch he had been too lazy to commit to paper, but had outlined in his mind, of the old Town House at Charlestown, built by Winthrop's party in 1630.

"I must be dreaming," said Jones, rubbing his eyes once more. He pinched himself in the endeavor to settle the question, and then again conscious of the vandalism of the before-recited commissions or committees, he gave vent to a further tirade of objurgation, mixed with more profanity than the guileless and placid Jones had ever before been guilty of.

The course of his eloquence was rudely interrupted. A strong grasp was laid on his shoulder, and a stern voice said in his ear: "I arrest thee, Didymus

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Jones, in the name of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay."

"Eh! What's that?" shouted Jones, with more energy than he had displayed for a year before. "What's that? Who in thunder are you?"

Who, indeed?

The individual, who held a long black staff, tipped with brass, before the eyes of the astonished Didymus, might have walked out of the old South Museum. He wore a long cloak, which covered a plain homespun coat, and his short breeches terminated at the knees. Thence a pair of thick black stockings joined company at the calf with boots of unvarnished leather, on the instep of each of which gleamed a large silver buckle.

"Who art thou, who speakest so lightly and profanely?" rejoined the stranger, sternly. "A malapert spirit, drunken with the vanities of this fleeting life, which have profited thee nothing, but have become a mere snare to thy soul and a pitfall to thy feet."

"All this may be very true," said Jones, calmly, lapsing into his habitually indolent style, "but you will greatly oblige me by removing your clumsy hand with its ill-shapen nails and calloused integument, from my shoulder."

"I arrest thee, Didymus Jones, in the name of the Great and General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts."

"Well, you got as far as that before," said Jones, quite placidly. "Suppose you start in afresh just at the end of the word 'Massachusetts' and tell me what you arrest me for."

"Being idle, and as one who spendeth his time unprofitably—by authority of the Act of the General Court, 1663, wherein 'power is given to constables to

SLINGS AND ARROWS

bring before a magistrate all such as are using their time idly and unprofitably, or such as do without just and necessary cause, absent themselves from the public ministry of the Word, as ordained by the statute of 1646, and enjoined by the ordinances of the Church; or for such excess in apparel, constantly exhibited, as is unbecoming to our wilderness condition, seeing that we are but strangers and sojourners here, and that the Court hath taken notice with grief that intolerable excess and bravery hath crept in among us, and especially among people of mean condition, to the dishonor of God, the scandal of our profession, the consumption of estate and altogether unsuitable to our poverty——,”

“Hold on a minute,” shrieked Didymus. “My dear fellow I’m not a lightning speed receptive phonograph. Begin over again; take a fresh grip; fill your lungs, and tell me who you are, and what you mean by masquerading in this fashion at my expense. And, once more, be good enough to remove your hand, it isn’t pretty and is scarcely wholesome, from my shoulder.”

“My name is Jones,” said the officer. “once called after the manner of men, Thomas——”

“Otherwise Didymus,” murmured Diddy.

“Never,” said the other, indignantly. “Never Didymus, or the doubting one, but for a testimony of faith named Grace-Sufficient Jones, constable of the town of Boston, and I arrest thee for idleness and unprofitable living, by virtue of the authority of which this staff is the figure and symbol.”

“Say, Grace-Sufficient Jones,” drawled Didymus, “if you’ll drop your hand, and answer me one or two questions I will go with you quietly.”

The hand of Constable Jones dropped from the shoulder of Didymus as agreeing to these conditions.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"First and foremost," said Didymus, looking his captor squarely in the face, "Am I awake or only dreaming?"

"I should say," replied Constable Grace-Sufficient Jones, "that, speaking after the manner of the Spirit, thou wert given to idle dreaming, and that much time has been thereby wasted. Wherefore thou art also given to fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, and it becometh thee to hear the words of the Spirit in reproof. 'Wherefore,' He saith, 'Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead——'"

"But, speaking after the manner of the flesh," drawled Didymus, interrupting his loquacious companion, "do you think I am asleep or dreaming?"

A sharp rap from the staff in the hands of Constable Jones sufficed to show to both that if the questioner were asleep he was, at least, susceptible to pain.

"I should say that thou art awake," said the constable, grimly.

"I believe I must be," said Jones. "But please don't try any more experiments with that staff. It is curious in its get up of black and brass; is just five feet high and has five inches of brass at top as directed by the statute of 1660. I'd like to buy it for my collection. That reminds that I am not at all sure where I am."

"This is Copp's Hill," said Grace-Sufficient Jones, "named after that godly man of whose estate it once formed a portion."

"Thanks—awfully," said Didymus. "Now will you kindly tell me what year this is?"

Grace-Sufficient Jones looked for a moment at Didymus as if he did not understand him. Then with an air of one humoring a lunatic he said: "This is the year of grace 1664."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Ah!" said Didymus, with more calmness than the startling revelation would seem to warrant, "I've often heard of fellows being pitched into the middle of next week, but always supposed it to be a mere figure of speech. If what you say is true, Mr. G.-S. Jones, I've been projected (or is it retrojected?) into the middle of the 17th century. Therefore there must be plenty of interesting information to be had from you, and if I ever get back into 1899 again I may make use of it. You can't be very busy just now.

"Now, by way of a starter," said Didymus, "I had an ancestor who came over with John Winthrop in the 'Arbella.'"

"The ship I came over in," said Grace-Sufficient Jones, "but I was young then, and my father——"

"Named Morgan-Ap-Griffith Jones," interrupted Didymus.

"So named after the manner of the world; but, for a testimony he called himself 'When-they-persecut-you-in-one-city-flee-unto-another Jones,' and so he came over here."

"Leaving other fellows to do the fighting ten years later," said Didymus, calmly. "And you are his son?" he asked.

"I am his son," said Grace-Sufficient, sententiously.

"What position did Morgan-Ap-Griffith hold?" asked Didymus.

"He was a preacher of the Word, wise with godly knowledge of the soul, and skilled likewise in healing."

"So was my father," said Didymus, "but the wicked called him 'Wax-end Jones.' Yet, if I have correctly read the genealogy of my family, you are my ever-so-many-times-great-grandfather, who was constable of the town of Boston."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The discovery of this relationship seemed to strike Didymus Jones as very funny. He rolled over and over again, shrieking with laughter and fairly holding his sides.

When he had recovered from this paroxysm, which his companion simply regarded as the freak of some madman, he said more calmly:

"Master Grace-Sufficient Jones, did you ever before hear of a man being arrested 200 years before he was born by his ever-so-many-times great grandfather?"

Constable Jones frowned. Such levity was entirely unbecoming and showed that the young man was not only in the bonds of iniquity, but that he was likely to exercise a pernicious influence. Besides if there was any anachronism, it was not on his side; and, anyway, he had not the least idea what Didymus was driving at.

Constable Jones placed his hand once more on the shoulders of his putative ever-so-many-times-great-grandson, and said with a Brutus-like indifference to the ties of blood: "I have no time for trifling; come with me."

"Really?" said Jones, without making the slightest attempt to move.

"Yes and at once. Peradventure Master Wadsworth will dispose of your case now."

"Much obliged, I'm sure, but I'd rather not. You see I'm interested in archæology, but I'd rather not be an actor in any of its scenes. I don't mind saying that I like you from an ancestral, artistic and antiquarian standpoint, but I never really admired you or your people's methods from a practical point of view."

"Peace," said the constable, sternly. "There is overmuch of vain babbling."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The heavy hand grew heavier on Didymus Jones' shoulder. He began to realize that unless he made a fight for it, there were no means of getting away, and a glance at the sturdy limbs of Grace-Sufficient had a mollifying effect on the faint suggestion of belligerency which had arisen in his mind.

"Well, needs must when the devil drives——"

"There is vile profanity in your talk!" said the constable, angrily. "If thy master is the devil who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking the blood of the saints, at least hold thy peace, lest this, too, be a charge against thee."

"Oh, no, good Jones," said Didymus. "Not the least profanity is intended, I assure you. The devil has long since ceased to be anything but a figure of speech. On the whole I'd rather not go with you, friend Grace-Sufficient Jones, son of 'When-they-persecute-you-in-one-city-flee-unto-another Jones.' Let us continue to argue the matter. In my callow days I studied law a little and have been admitted to the bar. Where is your warrant for arresting me?"

"I need no warrant," said the constable, curtly. "The ordinances of this godly town empower the constable to arrest such as appear to be leading idle and unprofitable lives, and bring them forthwith to a magistrate——"

"Now, Grace-Sufficient Jones," said Diddy, after he had turned over several things in his mind. "It seems to me that as you have acted without warrant on this occasion you would be likely to get into trouble, if you persist in arresting me. It can be shown to the satisfaction of any magistrate that my seemingly idle life is one of meditation and self communion,—things not interdicted either by express law of the colony, or, where that fails, by the law of the 'Word.'"

SLINGS AND ARROWS

So, if I may be permitted to drop into the vernacular, which is frequently picturesque, if not elegant, you had better go slow; not so very slow, you know, but just slow enough. *Twiggez-vous?*"

"I do not understand," said Constable Jones.

"Let me explain, then. I have merely dropped into a habit of mine, using a little French, in order to make myself easily understood. '*Twig*' is to tumble, to catch on; to understand. See?"

Constable Jones nodded.

"In short," continued his now voluble descendant, "'*Twiggez-vous*' means to catch on, as birds catch on to a twig; '*vous*' is French for 'you;' so that literally translated the expression means: 'Does your gigantic intellect freely absorb and assimilate the hidden meaning that lieth in my before-recited speech?'"

"Does it mean all that?" said Grace-Sufficient Jones, dropping his staff and staring with open-mouthed astonishment at his ever-so-great grandson.

"That's what it can be condensed into by a little squeezing. If instead of merely explaining this to you verbally, I was writing at space rates in a magazine, it would take considerably more room for its elucidation. See?"

Grace-Sufficient Jones nodded again. In the presence of such verbal opulence he was dazed completely. "It seems to me," he said at length, "that thou art a scholar, and given to the seeking of discourses. Albeit even that might be a snare, if the discourse be not grounded on the rock of sound doctrine."

"I believe you, my boy," said Diddy, irreverently. "It falls from my lips like the distilled honey from the bees of Hymettus, or the dews of Hermon, which is, perhaps, more in your line. But all this is switching the argument on to another track (a 19th century

SLINGS AND ARROWS

metaphor which I haven't time to explain just now). The great question is, will you put aside that staff and lend me your ears? You're not going to arrest me, your own flesh and blood, so to speak, especially as I'm not born yet, you know," said Diddy in the hope of making himself quite clear. "It would be a gross anachronism, and I would be sorry to be a party to any violation of the probabilities. For we live in a matter-of-fact age, you see; that is, I do," continued Jones, Jr., "and it would take a good deal of argument to convince a third person of our identity just now. But I am willing to strike a bargain with you, as I said. Either you shall show me old Boston or else I'll be your guide to the new city."

"You speak in riddles," said Grace-Sufficient Jones, testily. "Wherefore all these foolish parables?"

"I am talking sober common sense, my venerated and pious ancestor," returned Didymus, calmly. "Yesterday you were comfortably reposing under there"—indicating a small piece of greenward at his feet—"and there was a slantindicular (excuse my archaic Latin) piece of very worm-eaten slate, whereon had been traced the record of your virtues and the dates of your birth and death. Now it seems to me, as logical, that while it is just possible that you could have been resurrected and have had a chance to prowling around here once more, it is utterly incomprehensible that I could have been 'resurrected' 200 years before I was born. This simple statement is all that is necessary to prove my case. Therefore 'let us reason together'—you'll appreciate the quotation—shall you or I play the phantom?"

"Again you talk in riddles and show that many words darken counsel. I am no phantom." He laid his heavy hand on the shoulder of Didymus, and that

SLINGS AND ARROWS

individual at once admitted that there was plenty of physical entity in the grip.

"Well, I give it up," said Jones, Jr., despairingly. "I have done my best to bring you into a 19th century state of mind, by gentle means, and have worked harder to that end than I ever thought I could have done. If you will not accept my logic, I must appeal to the stern realities. Let us go."

Constable Jones seemed more desirous than his descendant to leave the hill. They descended by the eastern slope, passing a number of neat, well appointed frame houses, each with a spacious lot surrounding, and with but little suggestion of streets, although there was an attempt at regularity in the lines, and a not particularly well-kept road in front. In fact the mud was very thick—the road very dirty, and Didymus felt almost at home. It really seemed like the 19th century Boston once more.

The view which Jones obtained of the harbor amply compensated him for all minor troubles. No frowning warehouses interfered with the pleasant prospect, although a few mean looking buildings existed along the shore, or clustered around a small wharf. The well-wooded slopes of what is now East Boston presented a charming picture, and Didymus's eye, as it took in Bird, Governor and the other islands of the harbor, noted the rich growth of trees on each, the effect of which was so pleasing that he involuntarily stopped to gaze upon the charming picture and point out the beauties to his companion.

"You had the advantage of us, old fellow," he said. "I had no idea how pleasantly Boston was situated."

"Yes, our lines have been cast in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage. Here a true remnant has been gathered to await the coming."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"It seems to me it has already come," said Didymus. "If you had seen this North End as I saw it yesterday, or was it to-day—or to-morrow?—you would have said that there was not only a remnant but a whole crazy quilt here. There were Portuguese, Irish, Spanish, Russians, Italians, Norwegians, Swedes, French, Poles and a whole lot of other nationalities all around. But what is that yonder?"

The eyes of Grace-Sufficient Jones followed the direction indicated by his scion's index finger, and he answered briefly: "The officers of the law go to the Town Dock to duck a scold."

"May we witness it?"

"I know of no reason why we should not; except that it seems of poor taste to be a mere spectator of public punishment."

"I never saw such a thing before. It would be a new sensation."

"The worldly are always seeking after vanities, only to find them——"

"Oh, please don't," interrupted Diddy. "I've had more exhortation this afternoon than I ever had in my life before. Let us join them. Who is she and what is her special offence?"

"It is most likely Tamson, widow of Contentment Badger. She hath a shrewish tongue and maketh light of the elders, many of whom have wrestled with and for her, groaning in spirit and with tribulation for her infirmity."

"Enough to send any well-disposed woman off her base," said Didymus, placidly. "So she resisted?"

"Assailed them with brawling and with riotous language, bidding the elders clap a stopper on their own long tongues, before they accused a poor widow of brawling."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Bully for Tamson!" said Jones, Jr. "I have a solid respect for the Badger relict. Do you really think the ducking stool will cure her?"

"If it does not, the gag will check her;" said Constable Grace-Sufficient Jones, "and it might be useful in some other quarters," he added with some acerbity, for though he was not well enough versed in slang to understand Diddy's expressions, the sympathetic look on his face for the violator of the law was too evident to be misunderstood. He was about to raise his hand for another exhortation when Didymus checked him at once, and stepped out promptly ahead, soon leaving Grace-Sufficient Jones, constable, guide and exhorter, far in the rear.

A large crowd had gathered at the head of the wharf, many of whom taking time by the forelock, had waited patiently for the coming of the culprit. They especially surrounded the ducking stool, which consisted of a long boom or pole, on the outer edge of which was a chair seat, so arranged that the person seated in it could be fastened securely in it, much after the manner of an infant's chair, with its cross bars.

By means of a pivot the boom swung inboard or overboard. Towards this chair a number of officers of the town and constables were conducting the hapless Tamson, who not having the slightest fear of the ducking stool or the magistrates before her eyes, continued the flow of her eloquence, and plumped herself down in the stool, with an air of being so exceedingly comfortable, as induced some of her friends in the crowd to raise a hearty cheer.

When the still vociferous widow of Contentment Badger was comfortably swung out over the Town Dock, a grave and reverend magistrate advanced to the edge of the water and began to read the sentence.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The crowd was silent, and even Tamson Badger, doubtless feeling that she would need all her breath in a minute or two, held her peace.

As soon, however, as he began to add to the sentence, and exhibited signs of winding up preparatory to a homily or exhortation. Tamson's patience, which was of a very diaphanous texture, utterly gave way, and to the infinite delight of the crowd, she indulged in the luxury of "taking a sight," putting her thumb to the tip of her nose and spreading her fingers disdainfully, at the same time advising the magistrate to take a dip with her, and "douse his red glim."

This was too much for the exhorter, whose nose was all that Tamson Badger's tongue had painted it. He held his hand up, as a sign that the constables should duck the belligerent and incorrigible Tamson, and as the relict of Contentment Badger disappeared beneath the waters of the Town Dock, the worthy magistrate tumbled in head over heels after her.

Didymus Jones swears that though he was responsible for that disaster, it was purely an accident. In his eagerness to get forward to the end of the pier he fell against Mr. Commissioner Red Nose, and was horrified to see his respectable black stockings and shoes leap skyward while his rubicund nose actually cast a lurid glare over the muddy water, as the head to which it belonged disappeared beneath.

Of course the crowd yelled with delight, and eagerly and obsequiously pressed forward to help the worthy magistrate out of his predicament, and by sheer good luck got him out of the dock just as the culprit Tamson emerged, so that by the time she had recovered her eyesight and her breath, she had the satisfaction of seeing her tormentor, like a drowned rat, on the wharf; and, as the boom swung inboard,

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Tamson, by far the more comfortable of the two, laughed so loud that the crowd joined in.

Even the commissioner himself, so soon as he had rubbed the mud out of his eyes, could not but appreciate his ridiculous situation. He joined with the rest, and while all were so engaged Didymus Jones set out to release the relict of Contentment Badger from the ducking stool, when the tall form of Grace-Sufficient Jones was seen pushing his way through the crowd.

Evidently his temper had over-mastered him. Though the wharf fairly shook with the laughter of the crowd, the constable's face was as black as night. He strode over to his ever-so-many-times-great-grandson, placed his hands on his shoulder and was about to say that he arrested him in "the name," etc., etc., etc., when the family failing of temper found its last illustration in the generally placid Didymus. His left arm was around the half-released Tamson Badger, who was young and good looking, but he launched out his right on the mouth of his venerable ancestor, and the next moment the brass-tipped staff of 1660 descended with so much force on the head of the unlucky Didymus that he fell to the ground.

The blow was so shrewdly aimed, that Jones, Jr., saw the whole stellar system pass in review before his eyes.

* * * * *

When he sat up on the floor at the foot of his chair he caught sight of the constable's staff gleaming with a brassy glare, and a dim idea of the depravity of inanimate things filled the mind of Didymus Jones, but he had nothing but his sore forehead to prove the theory.

But one thing is certain. The erection of a twenty

SLINGS AND ARROWS

ton granite monument over the ancestral grave of the Jones family on Copp's Hill serves to show that Jones (Didymus) of the present generation has done his best to perpetuate the memory of Grace-Sufficient, his ancestor, son of "When-they-persecute-you-in-one-city-flee-unto-another Jones."

And the Boston Society of Psychical Research has gained a working member.

* * * * *

The Lasting Love.

Love, which in the spring of life
Gladdens with its promise rare
All the Summer days that follow,
Yields its fruits in Autumn fair.
Winter comes and brings its snows,
White-streaked locks among the gold.
But our love, each day renewing
Shows our hearts can ne'er grow old;

For the years which crowd upon us
Assays love which Spring-time knew,
And each fleck of dross rejecting,
Finds the old love ever new,
Troubles like a tempest gather,
What care we for Winter storm,
When our store of Summer sunshine
Keeps our hearts forever warm?

Squaring the Account.



NOW then, sir, what is it you want?"

The speaker was a middle-aged woman; the one addressed a tramp, whose feebly expressed wishes had failed at first to reach the ears of his questioner; the scene, a lonely Connecticut farm-house; time, early evening.

"I want food," the man muttered rather than spoke: "I'm dead beat; I want shelter and rest!"

"Work and earn them," said the wo-

man curtly, as she sought to close the door.

"Very good advice and very cheap," said the tramp, with a scowl. "Give me work then. Only for God's sake, give me, first, food to eat."

His voice, which had almost fiercely rung out in the first part of the sentence, died away into a hoarse murmur of pleading earnestness, to which his gaunt frame and hollow eyes and generally woe-begone appearance added additional emphasis.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Always food first," repeated the woman, her naturally hard features growing more stern as she spoke. Then opening wide the door, which had been previously secured by a heavy chain that only admitted of a few inches of space, she with a careless air allowed the shining barrel of a revolver to become visible.

"Come in," she said: "I can give you a meal."

"If you're alone, I'll eat it here," said the vagrant. The hard-featured woman positively laughed.

"I have good company close at hand,"—she tapped the revolver as she spoke; "seven good protectors; and I shall keep behind you, never fear!"

Tramps were at a discount in Connecticut. Many a farmer's wife found it necessary to imitate Mrs. Marden and keep a revolver at hand, for the entertainment of such callers as the one before her.

"Use it now," said the tramp, bitterly, still hesitating to enter. "Put a bullet where it will do the most good, and end this miserable life, as I would have done myself if I had had the pluck. It will be applauded by your neighbors—whose dogs have been set on to me, for it will rid the country of a tramp. Or give me the barker, for I think I could do it myself now."

Something in the utter helplessness of the wreck before her touched the woman's heart. She pointed to the open door of the kitchen, and her guest preceded her to that room, and ate with wolfish eagerness the meal which had been set out for one of the farm help, the while the woman sat watching every movement of her unwelcome and repulsive visitor.

Spite of her boast as to the revolver, Mrs. Marden was by no means sorry to see her husband rapidly approaching across the lot.

She met him at the door and husband and wife entered the kitchen as the tramp finished his meal.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

A careless nod from the farmer acknowledged the tramp's thanks, who leaned back in the chair with the air of a man to whom the rest was especially grateful.

"I'll take the men's suppers out with me, Mary," the farmer said. "I must be greedy of daylight; there are chances of rain to-morrow, and I need every moment and all the help I can get."

"Can I help you?" asked the tramp.

"You can, if you choose," said Marden. "But as a general rule I have found you fellows more disposed to eat than work."

"Try me," said the vagrant. "I need food and rest for a day or two that I might find strength to continue my journey, and you can have my labor on those terms."

"So be it," said Marden briefly. "You can help me carry out the men's suppers, if you have finished your own."

The tramp belied the farmer's estimate by working hard. The barn was the only place in which he would sleep, and thither, with many misgivings and cautions as to smoking, Marden conducted him.

Days passed, and still the vagrant, who accepted the name—Tom—bestowed upon him, with the same reticence and subordination with which he set about tasks placed before him, continued working for the farmer, and almost succeeded in awakening Marden's interest, as he had already his curiosity.

"Tom," said Marden, as they sat at a meal one evening, after the labors of the farm had almost ended—they never really end—"you don't seem to be as anxious to push on as you were once. Have you no home, and no one waiting for you?"

"No, and not a living soul," said Tom in a tone which did not encourage further questions.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"No father, mother, wife, children nor relations of any kind?" continued Marden, who did not take the hint of the tramp's tone.

"I believe I have some relatives; they are not anxious to see me. They would like to be certain that I was dead, but they have no desire to see me living."

"You talk like a man without hope," said Marden. "Why you are young yet!"

"Hope and I parted company years ago," said Tom carelessly.

Mrs. Marden glanced up at this remark. "I should think self-respect departed at the same time," she said sharply.

Her husband looked at her for a moment, as if he disapproved of the remark, but the vagabond did not seem hurt.

"You should think so?" repeated Tom, eyeing her curiously, as her face grew red under his earnest gaze. "Well, trust a woman for jumping at correct conclusions; you're right; they went away together, that is, if I ever had any self-respect to lose."

"Possibly not," Mrs. Marden replied, a little more sharply, because she was irritated by Marden's evident dislike of her manner.

But before the disapproval could be expressed in plain words, an interruption occurred by the arrival of a neighbor for whom the farmer left his meal unfinished.

The tramp and Mrs. Marden sat at the table together.

Tom continued to watch her face earnestly. Her hand, which held the knife, was extended, and her fingers were urging the blade to drum a light tattoo on the empty plate before her.

It was a shapely hand, though hardened and

SLINGS AND ARROWS

rough with toil, but the first joint of the little finger was gone.

The tattoo was suddenly arrested. Tom had seized her hand lightly; for a moment he held it gently while he examined the mutilated finger.

She looked up at him with anger blazing from her own eyes, to see the vagabond standing above, his eyes looking into hers; to see him face to face, expression to expression, as she had never seen him before.

Then the words of anger died on her lips, which became white as her face, while her eyes were filled with an agony that could find no vent in words.

"So you know me at last, Mary Dana," he said hoarsely.

He gently closed the door, between the kitchen and the room where the farmer and his friend were seated, while Mrs. Marden sat utterly helpless in her chair.

"You were quite right, Mrs. Marden—if that's your real name, which I very much doubt. I lost my self-respect, when I lost my hope. It was about the same time that I lost my wife and child."

"The child is dead," she whispered, glancing with terror at the door behind which was her husband.

"So much the better," said Tom, "and yet the only hope I had was that I might find her, and that there might be one living thing that would or could care for me."

"I thought you were dead," said the woman. The words came out in fierce gasps, as if extorted from her by syllables.

"Wished I were dead, you mean," said Tom, savagely. "The wish was father to the thought. You fancied a prosperous farmer in Connecticut was a better investment than a luckless miner in California."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"No; so help me God, no!" she pleaded. "They told me you were dead. It was so published in the papers. Everyone believes you were killed in a fight in Leadville."

"Never was in Leadville," said the other.

"It was so told," she continued: "John Dana, age about 35; description a likeness of yourself. How was I to know? I had not enough money to get food for my child and myself. How could I go to Leadville to find out, and there seemed no doubt. Why did you not write?"

"Because I was down on my luck," said Dana. "I waited for a chance to send money, but found none. I sent you a letter and money at last when luck seemed to change, but it came back to me, with a note stating that you had left the town, and your address was unknown. You didn't waste much time in mourning," he added bitterly.

"I was alone, with your child, starving. He—my husband—Marden offered me a home. I took him at his word. What could I do?"

"You married him within two months of hearing of my death," said Dana. "A short widowhood."

She sat still, with hands clasped before her, and eyes rivetted on the door, mute and helpless, as one might wait for inevitable death.

"I told you the only relatives I had would be glad to be sure that I were dead," said "Tom" bitterly. "Perhaps you will agree with me now?"

She answered never a word.

"How did my baby die?" asked John Dana, quietly; all traces of passion having gone from his voice.

"Died from cholera infantum, the doctors said; died from want of food. I was more than half starved, the child was too weak to struggle against the disease."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Died after you were married, of course, and you—your—he—was glad of it, I suppose?"

He could not bring himself to use the word "husband."

"No, no;" she said earnestly. "He did all in his power to save the child, and he would have given anything to do it. I think he cared as much for it—perhaps more than he did for me. She is buried yonder;" and the eyes unused to weeping were filled with tears as she pointed to a distant white church tower, that lighted up a green hillside about a mile away.

The conversation in the next room had grown loud and boisterous, broken now and then by a hearty laugh. The closed door divided the tragedy and comedy; so near do good and evil come.

The tramp sat silent. His head had fallen upon his breast, and he seemed to be thinking earnestly.

The woman watched him, as if seeking for some gleam of hope of escape from the awful trouble that had come upon her. She loved Marden, loved him with a devotion she had never known till this moment, when she was able to gauge how hollow had been the tie that had bound her to the reckless, careless man before her, who had valued her so little, as to scarcely care to work for her and his child.

No wonder she watched the tramp's face earnestly, and when he raised his head, she waited for his words, as one might wait to hear a death warrant read.

"You are comfortable here," said Dana.

"As one can hope to be," she murmured.

"Brace up, then," said the tramp, with an assumption of his old slangy manner, which she had known so well. "Dry up your tears. I shall leave to-morrow morning, and you are not likely ever to see me again."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

She rose to her feet, and her face lighted up, as one to whom a reprieve had come when least expected.

"Let the matter rest here," he continued. "John Dana is dead. Let him rest in his grave."

Mrs. Marden's hard features were mobile enough now. Heedless of the chances of discovery, she fell at his feet, too grateful, it must be confessed; and yet feeling fully the self-sacrifice of the man before her.

He raised her gently. "I long since found out—of course it was too late!—that I had not done my duty to you. Forgive me, Mary. Let the dead past bury its dead. I go from this house to-night."

"Where?" she asked.

"Where I can do you no harm," he said. "Be assured of that. Somewhere," he said, and his face seemed to soften and his voice grew strangely tender, "where I might think over what life might have been with a wife and child to care for; and where I can wait for death to come to me. I have been foolish and wicked all my life—there must have been vagabond blood in my veins, I think. But I am tired of it, at last, and want rest, and if it could have come that I might rest forever by the side of our little one, I should have liked it better. But it is not to be. Dry up your tears. If I had been a better man I might have been happier; I shall try to be, perhaps."

"You will need money," she said. The tears were streaming from her eyes, and these seemed to revive the old affection for him.

"Not a cent. I have roughed it for years; I can rough it a little longer. I have enough for my wants."

The conversation in the next room had ceased. Glancing out of the window they saw Marden's friend in the act of stepping into his buggy. There was but a moment's respite for them.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Good bye and God bless you, Mary."

He kissed her, and she left the room, at the moment that Marden entered, and the tramp put his hands in the pockets of his tattered breeches, and whistled a lively air.

That night he disappeared. His absence caused the farmer a subject for conversation, but he put it down to the natural tendency of tramps, and dismissed the subject easily.

Twenty-four hours had scarcely passed when a messenger came to the farm-house from a neighboring town. The body of a tramp had been found crushed on the railroad track. There was a note in the pocket of his ragged jacket, bloodstained and dirty, but the pencil scrawl was still visible. It was addressed to Farmer Marden, and read:—

"The best thing I could do was to leave your house; the best I could think of for myself was to leave this life. If anyone asks you to do a kindness to me, count it as my last wish, and try to do it."

The perplexed farmer passed the note to his wife, who, with blanched face and trembling lips read it aloud.

She beckoned her husband inside and hurriedly told the story.

"No one need be the wiser," said the farmer, tenderly. "I see now what he wanted."

The body of the tramp, identified by Farmer Marden, as a man who had answered to the name of Tom, was given up to him, after the necessary formalities, and John Dana rests by his child's side.

The Colors at Isandlwana.

The Kaffir bush with warriors swarm,
The dusky squadrons muster strong,
The bravest of the Zulu chiefs
Are gathered in the massing throng.
They hunt the lion, and they know
There's need of numbers for the task,
The fiercest warriors of their race
A bloodier welcome cannot ask.

Nor lack they proof, for in the fight
The lion's teeth and claws strike hard,
Thousands of dusky forms are stretched
In death upon the sterile sward.
What if the white man yields his life?
A bloody vengeance he exacts,
And inch by inch as backward thrust,
The dying Kaffir marks the track.

But sore beset, on front and rear,
Pours from the bush the sable tide,
"Around the colors, Twenty-fourth!"
The foes' exulting shouts replied:
"Dingaan's victorious spear and shield
And Tchaka's might is ours to-day;
Mokanna's prophecy is filled—
The white man's star is set for aye!"

The colors once so proudly borne
When Blenheim's fateful field was won;
That waved in triumph on the eve
When Talavera's fight was done,

SLINGS AND ARROWS



"The standard's safe below
The nerveless arms and rigid face."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Are stricken down, and on their folds—
Crimson and gold, a royal bed—
The two brave lads have sunk to rest,
Guarding their trust while dying—dead!

Dead, with their faces to the foe—
Meet posture for their warlike race!
Dead, but the standard's safe below
The nerveless arms and rigid face.
The silken gold and scarlet folds
Empurpled with the blood so shed,
Bear marks more glorious than the names
Of victories woven in their thread.

Green Warwick mourns her gallant sons,
Who never more her glades shall know,
But points with mournful pride to deeds
That check the tears that else would flow.
True offspring of the "warrior-breeding shire,"
"Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,"
Her own immortal Shakespeare's pen hath writ
Their epitaph in terms that fit their worth.



SLINGS AND ARROWS

A Midnight Reverie.

I sit alone; 'tis after midnight hour,
And silence reigns above me and around;
Save that the ticking clock attests Time's flight,
And rain-drops loudly patter on the ground.
Am I alone? My books around me stored
(A little hoard, not equal to my wants)
Seem to have heard the question, and to make
To my last thoughts an eloquent response.

Alone? Is he in solitude who sits
Surrounded by the spirits of the great?
Here Shakespeare breathes; here Cæsar's spirit
stands,
And they who conquered worlds submissive wait;
There the illustrious dead await my call,—
Dead only till I bid them breathe and move;
Here stand the poets each with lyre in hand.
At my behest to sing of war or love.

As one who in that grand old Abbey stands
Where Britain's mighty dead are laid to rest,
Sees round him gather in the solemn gloom
The forms whose fingers on his lips seem pressed.
So I amid these books. They live and breathe;
I only am the dead, whose feeble sight
Is blinded by the great transfiguration,
And dare not move before the presence bright.

* * * * *

SLINGS AND ARROWS

And yet they stand to serve, and I
Make order of their service, one by one,
"Come Livy, tell us of heroic times,
Of Roman valor and the victories won!
Nay, stand aside; 'tis but a modern tale,—
The same recurrent jealousy and hate;
The same old pattern figures in the web
Forever fashioned by the hand of Fate."

Still toil the thousands that the one may gain;
Still human life is reckoned as of old;
We prate of outgrown crowns, and bend the knee
In meaner homage to the clink of gold.
Still go into the cheapest mart and buy
The cringing laborer's flesh and blood and soul;
Or try in vain to right his grievous wrong
By churlish offering of a meagre dole.

Still,—God forgive us!—children droop and die,
In factories huge, denied the light of day;
Mere human weeds, which fringe the river's bank,
And by death's stream are carried soon away.
A little human clod from which the gold
Is squeezed, and then is flung aside!
What matter, so our industries increase,
Why should we think of those who worked and—
died?

Still, let us bow the knee to those who reap
The harvest watered by the children's tears;
Still jeer at those who seek to right the wrong,
Cry "Communist!" and close our sacred ears,
While men, uncouth of speech, who only know
They hopeless toil to build another's state,

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Brood sullenly the thoughts they dare not speak,
And, dying, leave a legacy of hate.

Blindly we grope, although the light is gleaming;
Life's course is brief, and we are prompt to say,—
"For us the end soon comes; let those who follow
Solve all these problems even as they may."
O ye who stand in forefront of the battle,
Alone against a host,—the coming years
Shall see the fruits of victory, and shall garner
With joy the harvest which you sow in tears.

* * * * *

The British Dead.

(Poem read at dedication of British Charitable Society's Burial
Lot in Mount Hope Cemetery, May 30, 1891.)

Beneath our feet the verdant grass is springing,
The genial sun is shining overhead,
Nature's great Resurrection now is showing
Life's impulse in this city of the dead.

Life evermore in death, and death in life—
Forever gone the terror of the grave;—
The seasons wax and wane, and yet renewing,
Repeat the promise that our Father gave.

There is no land on this earth's wide expanse
In which our English dead cannot be found;
True types of Britain's ever-conquering race,
Their bones are scattered over every ground.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

With reverent rite and speech we set apart
This spot of ground at Charity's behest;
Where, when the burdened care-marked life is o'er,
The stricken and the friendless may find rest.

We dedicate the ground, the sculptured urn
That lifts its graceful lines above the soil.
But Charity and Love have been before us here
And consecrated each with loving toil;

So this "God's Acre,"—as our fathers named
The spot in which their kindred dust was sleeping—
Can ne'er be "foreign" soil to those who rest
In life or death within our Father's keeping.

Here, in this spot fraternal love provided,
They rest in hope, till all the world shall see
The Elder Brother, by His saints attended,
And Heaven's light breaking over land and sea.



The Mother-in-Law

I have a mother-in-law. It is the unquestionable duty of every one who aspires to be a "journalist" to use his mother-in-law as the basis for a humorous paragraph, and the lady who has the honor of being my wife's mother supplies her full share of opportunity for the nascent humor of her son-in-law.

I'll back the old lady—she is eighty-two years of age, and has the remains of a fine woman about her—against the finest phonograph ever built. She rises in the morning at 8.30, and goes to bed at the same hour at night. And, during the whole day, she never ceases to talk. It flows on, in gentle murmurs from hour to hour, occasionally lulled for a moment when the children's voices are more demonstrative than usual, but never checked. Nothing can check the flow of talk; it is as mechanical as the working of a water wheel, with the only difference that the power can never be diverted from it.

It does not cover a wide range of interest, yet for the first time or two the listener can feel a positive pleasure in her reminiscences. They are of early childhood—for extremes meet, in the garrulous old lady, who forgets the incidents of one hour ago, yet has the clearest recollection of the sayings and doings in a Somersetshire village, seventy-five years ago. Her memories are of the French and British war of the early part of the century, as it affected her village; of the daily life on a farm at that time; of roystering bucolics and small adventures; of riding on a bull, and of the burning of Squire Somebody's barn; of

SLINGS AND ARROWS

country parsons and agricultural laborers;—and then the wheel is turned, and the same flow of talk begins again.

I take a book and try to read. I can read, and read critically, in the whirr and bustle of a busy printing office; I can write at an editorial desk, and keep my thoughts comparatively clear while strident ward-politicians' voices are conducting political battles at my right hand, but the steady, monotonous flow of words that falls from my mother-in-law's lips, is positively maddening. I would go out, but dare not waste the time; so I go up-stairs, and stuff a piece of paper into the keyhole of the room door. And even there the maddening stream of words rises, and the very atmosphere seems charged with the never-ending tale of "‘Uncle Will’ who went to the war before ‘Boney’ was taken, and who never came back, ‘though his father owned the paper-mill down to Uffculme,’" and his uncle was parish clerk of the village, where he used to give thirty poor widows a loaf and sixpence every month out of the money which was left to the parish; or of how Farmer Chard used to beat his wife, his daughters, his parish apprentices and his horses with equal and impartial brutality, or how my worthy father-in-law, whom I never saw—for, lucky man, he died forty years ago—walked in his sleep into the canal, and how the Squire's hounds stole the butter, and Sam Smith, the ne'er-do-well of the village, lived a gay life and defied the game laws, and never wanted a leg of mutton while the Squire's fat wethers were around. All this and much more comes floating up in the air, and the very walls seem saturated with the incessant and monotonous rush of words.

And so, in self defense, I drop the subject I started to write about, and devote this column to my mother-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

in-law. I cannot hope to do justice to the subject. And I leave to the professional paragrapher the job of making the senility of age ridiculous, or attempting to make the old mother a subject of satire. I think I could do it, if I tried, but the recollection of the "short but simple annals of the poor" checks the flow of humor, and there is a tendency to special humidity in the eyes, as the full import of that half century of patient toil and much-enduring, much-suffering motherhood comes to the front. For there are some pitiful tales in those super-childish recollections. One, for instance, of a dying woman forsaken by her husband (who, God knows, might in those "good old days," have been pressed into the navy, or waylaid and robbed on the highway, by the many hundreds of vagabonds whom hopeless poverty or inbred vices had sent on the road). But she lay dying, with three little ones clamoring for food, and turning her face to the wall, despairing of God and man, till some one as poor as herself, soothed her dying moments by taking the little brood to her own home, and sharing the loaf, already too small for the many mouths, among the little orphans. Of the death of the poor benefactor, of life in the workhouse, or "poor farm," and of children of seven years apprenticed to farmers, and literally sold to drudgery at a time when their little lives should be only full of daily pleasures.

A hard life for poor children was that in "the good old times," for the old woman's only recollection of pleasure is that "Uncle Will took me up in Bulmore Orchard to see the great comet" (1808) and her share in great events of that time is a recollection of the illumination and the dinner when the Squire roasted an ox whole, in memory of the great Duke of Wellington, who had fought the French and taken his

SLINGS AND ARROWS

title from the little market town near which the old mother's recollections centre.

And so the old lady maunders on. Now it is Uncle Will; now the comet; and then comes a spell of grief for the son who left her forty years ago, and never came back; of the daughter whose grave is yet green in old Plymouth, and more recent still of the only son who was her support, and who died a few months before in Australia. All these, with many tears, are woven in the never-ending tale, and then—thank God for childhood, even that of old age, the current of old-time recollection flows again, and for a brief space the more recent griefs are forgotten, and with pathos and even more childish laughter—doubly pathetic—the old, old story of Uncle Will, and Sam Smith, the sheep-stealer, and the old joke of Taunton assizes comes to the front and so on, *ad lib*, till night comes, and the old lady goes to bed, to dream and recuperate for the next day's talk.

And so—though I thought I could be humorous on such a humorous subject as a mother-in-law, I find it impossible. I come up-stairs, and see her in the kitchen with my little pet of three years on her old knees, and I know the two older ones take to her their little griefs and find ready sympathy and better understanding than we of middle age can give to them.

And I think of my boy—a wild, rough and healthy youngster—whom we feared to trust here to cholera infantum and sent over the seas to our old home to seek healthy breezes and cool summer air. It is many years since she accepted the trust, and gave her whole life to the little American grandson; nursing him while sick, and petting him when well, and finally—for the little child led her—crossing the Atlantic to end her days with him.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Alas! that her most recent grief and mine is that the brave boy, to whom she gave herself so unreservedly, is gone beyond even her care and love. I see the old eyes glisten with tears,—as do mine own as I write—and the aged lips tremble with pain and grief, that the dear boy is now only a sweet and loving memory, the household saint of our home. Hear her tell how the dying boy, with eyes upraised toward the heavenly light that streamed upon his face, and with finger pointing upward to the great white throne, repeated with unfaltering tongue the lines he had learned long before from her aged lips:—

The gates of Heaven are open wide,
With Jesus in the space,
He welcomes me with friendly smile,
And joys to see my face.

And then I see the hand laid on the good gray head, and hear the words of love and thankfulness for her instruction fall from his dying lips.

There is not much fun in all this. I think I could have done better if I could as easily remember some of the irritating lectures she has given me for my alleged misconduct. But they have gone from me, even while writing, and I would rather keep the present picture in my mind, though her cracked voice is crooning "Jack Sprat" to Baby Joe, and I have to give up writing in sheer despair.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The Song of the Gloucester "Banker."

Now a lively song to start with, boys,
A stave that shall raise each heart;
The cheery wind blows fresh and fair,
Kiss wife and child and part.
"A pleasant trip and the high-line fare"
Is the wish of all hearts this night,
For the fisher's heart is heavy as lead
When the home-bound freight is light.
There is danger, I trow, for us in store—
Our hearts had need be stout;
From the cruel mist and the winter storm,
From the careless ship's look-out.
Who can tell for whom on our homeward trip,
Half-mast our flag shall fly,
When "Lost on the Banks," from lip to lip
In town shall pass the cry.
But life is brief at the best, we know,
Why cloud it o'er with fear?
There's danger and care ashore as afloat,
And Death stands ever near.
Life is aye at its best on the bright blue wave,
When sea and sky are bright;
And the hope of a fare in the hardest breeze,
Makes the fisher's heart grow light.
So see that the notes of our parting song
Fall as hope on the listening ear;
Sunshine and storm, what'er may betide,
Shall find us full of cheer.
The sea's rich harvest waits our will,
The cunning of our hand,
And our God is as near by sea, I trow,
As ever He is on land.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The Delayed Triumph.

(Respectfully Inscribed to John Greenleaf Whittier.)

O loved and honored singer, whose brave heart
Ne'er sought, despite the world's sharp scorn, to
hide
One tittle of the light which shone within,
Nor turned from duty's path a foot aside.
Thorny the road and steep the way has been,
As winds the footpath to a mountain height
O'er earth and summer cloud which stands supreme,—
First to attain and last to yield the light.

With self-reproach I lay your book aside,
My faltering feet and feeble faith refuse
To follow in the path of high resolve;
I stand apart, because I dare not choose
The path you bravely trod; yet dare not look below,
In presence of the light you hold on high;
Toilsome the road before, and dark behind,
And weary, faint and impotent am I.

Yet I have feebly tried the way to trace,
In thought have travelled by you on your way;
Have watched the east and marked the fiery cloud,
And with you seen the rising of the day;
Have weakly tried to echo the glad sound,
The "Laus Deo" o'er your triumph won,
When the black clouds of slavery gave way
Before the glowing rise of Freedom's sun.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

But, ah, the "Laus Deo" seems to lack
Something of fulness in its swelling tone,
As if some ruder hand now swept the strings,
Or only half the triumph had been won;
The bells which told the "burial hour of crime,"
Seem jangled now, and harsh and out of tune,
As if there yet remains the work to do,
And the triumphant song had come too soon.

And has "the fresher, promised life begun?"
O, master mine, the world yet groans with pain!
Some toil-worn worker in his fetid home,
Answers with mocking jibe your joyful strain.
He sees his labor's fruits absorbed by those
Who toil nor spin not, neither do they weave;
The bitter smart of ill-requited toil
Still poisons all the good he might receive.

And who is left to lift his voice on high?
Whose lips, like thine, touched with the sacred fire,
Shall preach the new evangel to the world?
Or must we wait until the gathering ire
Darkens and deepens in the low'ring sky
And pent-up passion ends in fearful strife?
So once again, "the cruel rod of war"
May spring with blossoms of a purer life?

Day after day, the baleful seed is sowing
The harvest-time approaches very near.
O for the voice that like a trumpet blast
Cries out and spares not, like the sainted seer,
Who made the merchant princes hear his voice:
"Woe unto them who on the needy prey!
Who mock the fast by abstinence and rite,
And turn the hungry from their door away."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Staff Colonels.

Speak, O Colonel, proudly prancing in His Excellency's train,
Battle-scarred and gallant warrior, how did you the title gain?

In the hot-contested battle, where the myriad shrieking shells,
Bullets whistling, cannons baying, drowned the rebel battle yells;

When above the smoke of combat gleamed the glorious Stripes and Stars,
Deeply dyed with patriot blood, high o'er the Stars and Bars.

Perhaps you led the gallant boys who vainly toiled up Marye's heights;
Speak, O scarred and seaméd warrior, tell us of these bloody fights.

Tell of that decisive day, when, on Gettysburg's great field,
The bravest Southrons faltered, from the withering volleys reeled;

Of the Wilderness' seven days, when each inch of ground was won,
Only when 'twas crimson-stained by the blood of patriot son.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Speak, O Colonel, is that sword, now within its scab-
bard sleeping,
Notched and stained with awful spots that tell of
widows weeping?

And this charger, proudly prancing, is he like the gal-
lant steed
On which you led the charges in the battle's greatest
need?

The generations pass, and within a few short years,
Not from those who shared the conflict will the story
reach our ears!

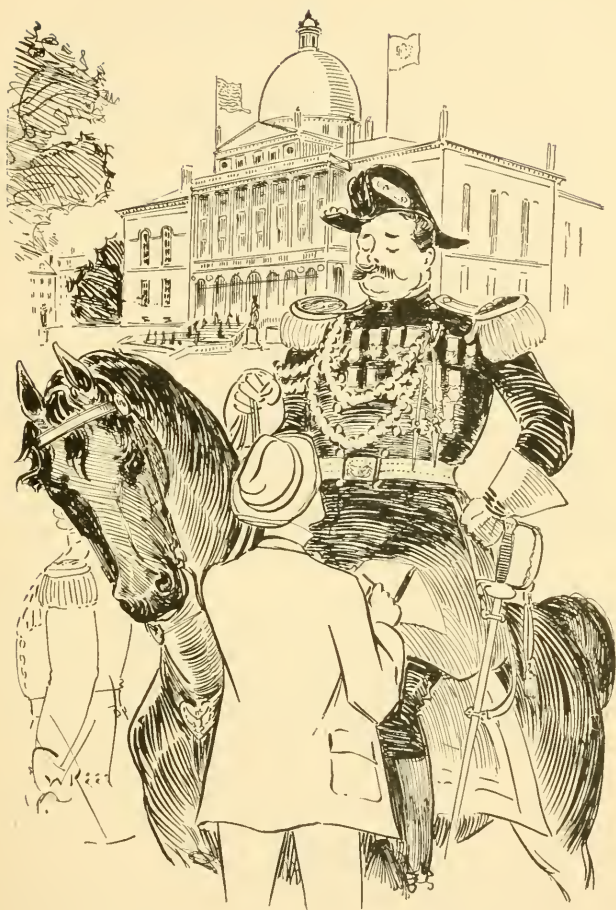
Thus I earnestly implored a colonel on the Governor's
staff,
And he shyly smiled upon me; why did the other
colonels laugh?

Perhaps 'twas modesty which kept him from the story
of his rank,
As he coyly gazed upon me, standing by his charger's
flank.

"O," I cried, "that crimson blush, which I see upon
your cheek,
Shows a warrior bravely modest, but I yet entreat you
speak,

For the sake of unborn thousands your example shall
inspire;
Answer truly, I implore you, to my passionate desire!"

SLINGS AND ARROWS



“Shows a warrior brave, but modest.”

SLINGS AND ARROWS

With a little hesitation, for he was a modest man,
And without a shade of boasting, his brave story he
began:

"I run a party paper, and it stood in combination
With the highly moral party, and we made a nomination;
tion;

The people's vote sustained us in our highly moral
mission,
And the grateful Governor gave to me this very high
position.

No; I never saw a fight, never heard my ears its din
infernial;
But I sport a handsome chapeau, and for life I'm
dubbed a colonel.

This uniform is neat, and I wear it with propriety,
And it proves a welcome passport to the very best
society."

Thus the glowing, burning fancies of the bard were
set aside
By one of those brave colonels who behind the Gov-
ernor ride.



SLINGS AND ARROWS

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

DIED MARCH 24, 1882.

(From the Malden Headlight, March 26, 1882.)

Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.*

No longer distant gleam the heavenly lamps,
The earthly mists have fled before the dawn,
And in the "faith which shines like morning star"†
His soul into the higher light is drawn.
May be Heaven's distant lamps? For him all doubt
Is past; and in the glory of that day
Which knows no dusk "may be" has changed to is,
From cross to crown,‡ the singer passed away.

The reaper Death hath ta'en the bearded grain§
Ripe for the sickle, with low bending head;
He who is Lord of harvest set the time,
And we, who only mourn our honored dead
And may not look beyond, save in that faith
With which he sought the light which gleamed
above,
Leave him, who longed for rest when day was done,||
Safe in the sunshine of his Master's love.

Gone are the shadows o'er his spirit trailing,¶
The dead lies calmly in his shroud of snow!***
All that is mortal, all that earth can claim
Is laid to rest, and we can only know,

SLINGS AND ARROWS

As he has taught, his spirit has attained
To those high turrets and that reach of sky††
Which mortal eyes ne'er view, whence parting souls
On toiling, throbbing, beating pinions fly.‡‡

With reverence and awe we stand around,
For here is majesty which Death has crowned,
Lay not upon the bier a broken lyre,
In higher choirs a sweet-strung harp is found.
Home hath he found within his Father's house:§§
Better is death than life§§ for they who rise
Above the Lenten gloom of earth, and see
The morn of Easter in the reddening skies.

O pure of heart, who wrote with spotless pen,
And left no word the world would see erased!
O mighty soul, who fought "the chartered lie,"|| ||
Nor rested till the bondsman had been raised!
O strong of faith, who filled the world with hope,
And to man's sorrow brought surcease of pain!
O kindred soul, who felt his brother's need,
And, sympathizing, joined in grief's refrain!

Where'er the mother-tongue is heard to-day,
From myriad homes, and from the far-off seas,
From tropic lands, from islands of the south,
Borne through the sentient air on every breeze,
Come tributes to the singer who had helped
With cheery word to lessen life's great care,
Whose "Psalm of Life" had spurred the lagging hope
And roused the weary laborer from despair.

Not his, perchance, to sound the lower depths,
Nor gauge the fiercest passions of the heart,

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Not his the web of statecraft to reveal—

He chose the lower, yet the higher, part:
The sweet, sad strain which marks the Acadian theme,
The quaint historic tale of Plymouth days,
The Golden Legend of enduring love,
And Hiawatha's weird and tender lays.

We ask no critic here to mark the place,
Nor mete out limits to the poet's fame.
Perchance some bards have struck a higher note
And left to earth a more enduring fame;
But parent hearts o'er severed blossoms bending
Bless him who felt their grief and eased their pain,
With hope that in the garden of the Master
Their fairest flow'rets should be seen again.

* "Resignation."

† "The Beleagured City."

‡ "Killed at the Ford."

§ "The Reaper and the Flowers."

|| "The Day is Done."

¶ "Afternoon in February."

** "The Old Clock on the Stair."

†† "The Builders."

‡‡ "Birds of Passage."

§§ "Golden Legend"

||| Ode to Dr. Channing.



SLINGS AND ARROWS

George H. Patch.

With beat of muffled drum and banners draped,
With arms reversed and stately, solemn tread,
The soldier's corse was borne by comrades true,
His country's flag around the gallant dead.
The flag he followed with unfaltering eye,
Though round about him raged the battle blast;
Brave heart, by soldier hands laid low to rest,
In God's own light the soul shall rest at last!

But I, O friend and comrade, seek to lay
My tribute on the sod above thee placed;
Not e'en the love of woman was more true,
Tender and tried, as that thy friends embraced,
A human sun, who gave forth light and cheer,
Life-giving in its friendship, true and bright;
Alas, that such a sun should sink in space,
And leave us in the mist and gloom of night!

And yet, although the night is dark, I know,
Somewhere, the sun—God's sun—is shining bright,
And He who knoweth all things knoweth best
When comes the fitting time to draw the light.
Yet tears will fall; on many a bronzed cheek
Coursed down the silent witnesses of grief;
And many a voice was mute or trembled low
That could not trust the lips to make relief.

O friend, O comrade true, O generous heart!
Our hearts with grief and joy are yet at strife;
Who is not glad that he was blessed to know
And meet in friendship such a sunny life?

The Mother's Hand.

"Where is the fair white hand I pressed
Twelve years ago, when first were said,
The words which made us man and wife,
That summer morn when we were wed?"
I take it in my own again—
The ring I placed thereon is worn,—
"This hand, so coarse and hard with toil,
Is not the one I won that morn?"

Ah, little need of palmistry
To read the lines which Time has traced;
The hand is coarse, and yet I think,
I would not have a line erased.
And still, though every line and scar
Tells plain its tale of wifely care,
And years of uncomplaining toil,
I sometimes wish it still were fair.

And so with contradicting thought
I muse, and grasp her hand the while,
Till o'er her toil-worn face there gleams
A half-amused, half-pitying smile;
She calls our little daughter near,
And in my palm with gentle force
She puts the fine white hand I fear
Almost to touch with mine so coarse.

She brings our sturdy rogue of ten,
And puts his hand within my own;
The household pet, our youngest, joins—
A despot, whom my knees enthrone—

SLINGS AND ARROWS

And adds her dainty fist to swell
The pile of hands with roguish glee.
(She needs no bidding, she, to come
To take her place upon my knee).

I see the mother glance with pride
Upon her little brood the while,
And then the hand I criticized
Is placed upon the glowing pile;
Ah, me! how fair and white it gleams,
That hand I dared call coarse and rude,
Transfigured by its ministry
Of brave, ungrudging motherhood!



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Reprints from the Malden Headlight

CHRONICLES OF MYSTIC SIDE

Legends and Lyrics

of Modern Malden

SLINGS AND ARROWS



The sketches here following are reprinted from "The Malden Headlight," a little paper published by W. G. J. Perry, of Maplewood, which had a brilliant, but all too brief existence, about twenty years ago. The author, using the pen name "Mustapha Chokh," contributed a series of articles relating to an alleged history of Malden or "Mystic Side." Some of the attempted humor, written in a good-natured vein, used the names of well-known residents of Malden and Maplewood to give point to the jokes, and the "personalities" were accepted by those concerned in the spirit in which they were used. But many of these good people have passed away, and the articles have been revised so that not the slightest objection could be taken.

To some of the older inhabitants of Maplewood the sketches may be interesting, and serve to recall many a good-natured laugh at local episodes and personal foibles and fancies.



“Mystic Side.”

Chapters from a Serial History of Malden and Its Dependencies.

(By the Curator of the Maplewood Archæological Society.)

THE DISCOVERY OF MALDEN RIVER.

It was during the latter half of the seventeenth century, which is just about near enough for our chronology, that a small bark might have been seen under full sail making for Boston Light. There wasn't the faintest trace of a light there, but the rocks presented much the same appearance as in this half of the nineteenth century, and are to-day still standing, wonderfully corroborative in their gray grandeur of the truth of these chronicles. The fact of the lighthouse not being built did not seem to bother the captain of the bark very much. He was in extra good humor; because no pilot had boarded him, and thus saved expense, for, sayeth he: “If I must lose my shippe, why shoulde I not lose herre of myselfe, and not pay ye pilotte for doing itt?”

There is no need to tell the intelligent reader that the harbor of Boston presented a somewhat different appearance from that of to-day. Deer Island was in existence, but the wisdom of shutting up a thousand more or less little boys on an island was not then apparent to the dwellers of Massachusetts Colony. The

SLINGS AND ARROWS

festive clam gaily skipped on the beach at Point Shirley, and at City Point and Hull; the genial sculpin led the silvery smelt in a merry race under the moonlit waters of Hull, and the oysters, jubilant in the fact that the months of the Indian calendar had no r's in their names, stroked their beards and tucked themselves comfortably into their beds, or watched with languid eyes the sportive bluefish listening intently to the siren song of the bull-frog on the neighboring shore.

Before the voyagers rose the three peaks of the peninsula of Shawmut, and as their little bark dashed merrily on past what is now East Boston, the smoke from a dwelling on the top of Beacon Hill plainly intimated that some one had already secured a most eligible site for a dwelling, and had established a real estate agency on the Trimountain shore. A few hours later, and the vessel had cast anchor off the point which is now monopolized by the Navy Yard. Before them gleamed in the ruddy glow of the setting sun the broad estuary of the Mystic River, but not a sound could be heard from Chelsea, which was as dead then as now.

A few moments later a boat was seen to put off from the shore of the Shawmut peninsula, and a man, lightly seizing a rope extended to him, hauled himself up on the deck and saluted the voyagers with the remark that he owned the triple-hilled peninsula, and did not propose to let a single galoot ashore, unless they promised to respect his territorial right. It was John Blackstone. Some description of this pioneer of Boston society should be given, but unfortunately the writer knows as little about him as anybody else, except that he was undoubtedly of the first families of Boston, and that he established the Blackstone Na-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

tional Bank. What he said, however, is fortunately matter of record, and is found in the journal of the voyage, kept by the commander of the expedition: "Heere came on board John Blackstone, who sayeth that there weren't any shoue nowe for a good American citizene, because ye foreigners were settling so thicklîe around hym. We learned that some folke had settlede near Dorchester, and ye place was becoming too thicklîe populated. So we determined to pushe further uppe the river." In these simple phrases were hidden the future history of Malden.

Careful investigation has failed to give the names of the individuals who composed this expedition. The sworn testimony of a Baggage-Smasher, attested by the Oldest Inhabitant, who is kept on file at this office, discloses the fact that on the sea-chest of the leader of the expedition was marked in rude chalk characters the initials "O. K." This was corroborated by a remarkable discovery of a piece of chalk, so that the chain of evidence is complete, and points to a startling conclusion—which is gratifying to our local pride—that the discovery of the Malden River was the exploit of Oliver Cromwell.

If it be objected that his initials were "O. C.," it can be stated that the objection has been anticipated and triumphantly met by the philologist of the Archæological Society, who has on file at least 10,000 cases of phonetic errors of the same kind. A tradition that he was accompanied by John Milton is well authenticated, and that the latter suffered much from mosquitoes, of which he bitterly complained. He wrote "Paradise Regained" after he got home, which seems so natural as to almost elevate this tradition into an historical fact.

The vessel, fitted out for a voyage of discovery re-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

ardless of expense, was commanded by a grizzled old veteran who had been commended by Blake himself. This was the fact as certified to Oliver. It was only after the remains of this vessel were unearthed from the mud-bank near the rubber works, and the private papers secured by the Malden Archæological Society, that it was discovered that Captain Marlin Spike had been commended by Blake to the care of the master-at-arms, and had been flogged around the fleet. But these little matters didn't count for much anyway. The log-book of the ship, found at the same time, says: "At dark we found ourselves neare the mouthe of a bigge river, whereof we coulde see neither shore; butte Mr. Milton sayd that we could nott, by reason of its greatnesse. It were a perilous position for our vessel, for ye currente set strongly and ye shippe was carried therewith. To add to our trouble the winde rose to a gale, and we were driven onward at a terrific speede."

Here the records of the captain grow indistinct, and the historiographer of the expedition, who was also the poet of the day, fails to give a lucid account of the interval. The presumption, from the records, would be that they were sea-sick. The latest researches would seem to indicate that Henry Faxon was not a member of the crew, and that the ship must have drifted near the kitchen bar-rooms of Edgeworth.

From the confused and fragmentary character of the records it would appear that the captain, fearing that he would be carried away beyond the chances of escape, besought the leader to come to an anchor. Confused entries in the log intimate that "a noise was heard on the deck, the dog-watch sprang from his caboose, seized the gig-whip, and, laying it over the dead eyes of the buoy, made him shin up the bow-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

sprit, catch hold of the sky-scraper, which he used so freely on the keelson that he rubbed off the shoe of the anchor, which was caught by the cat harpings, who commenced to spanker with the boom, till she burst through the stays, cutting the topsail ties, grabbed the monkey's tail, which knocked the Jew's eye out of the Turk's head, caught the ship round the waist with one hand, boxed the compass with the other, till the cook and the captain applied the leaches of the foresail to the inflamed eye of the needle." All of which only seems to convey the fact that either the science of seamanship has greatly altered since that time, or the captain's records, and possibly the captain, were considerably mixed.

In a word, the condition of the bark (which, by the way, was a brig) was getting rapidly critical, and the captain sought to confer with his illustrious passenger, only to find him impatient of every suggestion. His nautical knowledge was not particularly extensive, if we may judge by the historiographer: "Ye capitaine in this dire extremitie sought counselle of ye leader, saying, 'Behold, the night is as darke as Egypte, and I cannot finde my waye for want of ye observation,' whereupon ye leader waxed wrothe and sayeth he: 'I fitted out ye shippe regardless of expensè, and such a store of observations shoulde have been obtainede as would have lasted for ye voyage!'"

A few observations at this point seemed to have relieved the captain, but had little effect on the ship, and to a remark that he should have to trust to dead reckoning, the leader of the expedition added the suggestion that he might consult the records of Bell Rock Cemetery.

It is in such crises that the true qualities of great men are developed. The total collapse of the captain

SLINGS AND ARROWS

proved an example of such occasions. The leader snatched the speaking trumpet from the hands of the imbecile mariner, and, in a voice of authority hailed the forward watch: "What water have you there?" (He said, "Forward watch, ahoy!" too; but we don't want to be too nautical.) The crew instinctively felt that a leader had arisen, and through the driving rain a voice rang out clearly in answer: "Lashings av water, but not a drop av anything else here!"

It was no time for hesitation. The last resource of desperate seamanship must now be attempted, and a feat unparalleled in nautical annals was accomplished. The stentorian tones of the great Puritan rang out through the wild elements: "Then put out a gang-plank, and let us walk ashore!" And they did. Consider for a moment the importance of this result. Imagine that the ship had urged on its wild career, and stopped at Linden! But we forbear.

The captain, like a brave mariner, would have been the last to leave his ship, but the leader of the expedition sternly urged him forward. The historiographer is silent as to what immediately followed, out of respect to his chief, probably; but there is no doubt that he tilted the edge of the gang-plank, and sent the captain flying on to the main land. It appeared to the captain that this was not the proper way of treating a master mariner, and he immediately fell upon the great Puritan. We have no space to record the details of this fight. The captain says: "Ye olde somme of a gunne tappyd ye clarete, and painted a mouse on my righte eye," from which it is safe to infer that he was badly handled. It was worthy of note that this was the first quarrel of white men on the soil which provoked bloodshed.

In the midst of this conflict a native approached.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

He was a handsome specimen of his race, and carried himself with a lordly air, befitting a native monarch of the forest, as he slowly approached the group, softly singing—

“Lo, the poor Indian, with untutored mind,
Comes to the shore to see what he can find.”

“Are you ‘the noble savage?’” inquired the commanding Puritan.

The Indian’s eye flashed for a moment, and his voice was perceptibly haughty as he replied—

“My foot is on my native heath, and my name is Nanapashamet!”

CHAPTER II.

The cruel limitations of space involved in the publication of a small weekly newspaper compelled us to leave the group of “forefathers” in the midst of a pelting rainstorm on the banks of the Malden River. Dangers, privations and hardships were the ordinary lot of the early settlers of this community. But it was a refinement of cruelty to add seven days’ exposure to the elements to their sufferings; and the printer of *THE HEADLIGHT*—not the writer of these chronicles—must be held responsible for the outrage.

The “constant reader” will remember that the exploring party had left their abandoned vessel by means of the gang-plank, and had safely reached the shore, when they were accosted by the native—a noble red man of the forest.

The noble red man, it will be remembered, had answered the query of the voyagers as to his name by the somewhat dramatic announcement that “his foot was on his native heath, and his name was Nanapashamet!”

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"What does he say?" demanded the Puritan leader of his secretary.

"Hold on a minute," replied John Milton, "till I get my North American Indian glossary. Oh! here it is: He says his foot is on his native—mud—no 'heath,' and his name is Nanapashamet, and it sounds like a quotation from 'Rob Roy.'"

His superior officer nodded assent. He would have agreed with equal readiness to a suggestion that the idea was taken from the Koran, if his secretary had so hinted. The Puritan had hired the scribe as literary man for the voyage, and was ready to appropriate any suggestion. That's what private secretaries are hired for, anyway.

The frank self-introduction of Nanapashamet suggested to the secretary that the introduction was so far somewhat one-sided.

"Mr. Nanapashamet," said he, "this is my friend Oliver Crom—"

An impatient exclamation from his employer checked the utterance of the name.

"Oliver," murmured the red man—"Oliver? Do you mean H. K.?"

"No; this is the O. K.," said the secretary, in a whisper, "the original and only Oliver, who never went back on his name, and made it 'Revilo' when he complained in the newspapers of the dust on the road."

The Indian stood for a moment watching the group; Captain Marlin Spike seated on the sedgy bank of the river, vainly endeavoring, by means of a bunch of salt hay, to staunch the sanguinary current which flowed from his bruised proboscis, and holding the cool blade of a huge jack-knife against his inflamed right eye.

The Puritan leader, thirsting for information, grew

SLINGS AND ARROWS

impatient at the reticence of the Indian, and said, briefly and sternly:

"Well, Nanapashamet, speak!"

"We call it High Rock," said the Indian, softly. "Some fellers went up there a few years ago—Dan Milliken being the leader—when they wanted to get off some speeches that were more than usually indigestible, and they called it Nanapashamet's Peak, and talked loud enough for the dedication of a city park. But that did not prevent others from making the territory into choice house lots. It's called Rockingham Avenue now. The march of the pale-faces has driven my people to the land of the setting sun. Soon the council fires will be quenched and the voice of the red man be heard no more by the shores of the big water."

"Bad imitation of Fenimore Cooper," muttered the literary man. "This Indian's a regular literary pirate."

"What is the name of this place?" asked Captain Oliver of the Indian, not heeding the parenthesis of the historiographer.

"Wanalansett," replied the melancholy Indian.

"Wan' a lancet!" roared the sanguinary captain: "you thundering red-skinned varmint, do I look as if I wanted a lancet? Don't you s'pose I've lost claret enough already?"

"Wanalansett," muttered the Puritan. "That will never do. The name is too poetic for a people who have shunned the vanities of the world. I must be-think me of a less high-sounding title. And what do you call the river which laves this territory?"

"It doesn't lave this territory, except when the tide is out," gently corrected the red man, "and then it 'laves' it altogether. But we call it the Missouri."

"Missouri!" repeated the literary man, "that means 'muddy water,' don't it?"

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"My brother is nearly right," said the Indian, quietly; "and the only thing wrong about it is that this river is all mud and no water."

"Smells like a sewer," muttered the master mariner.

"Peace, ruffian!" said the Puritan, sternly.

"Oh, yes! that's right; hit a fellow when he's down, will you? It's the first fight that I ever was so mauled in"——

"Mauled in!" murmured the Puritan. Maulden, Malden. Yes, that's it. The name is ugly enough. What say you to calling this place Malden?" he said, sharply turning to his secretary.

The secretary was about to remark that he thought it was about the worst name that could be thought of, but remembering that his last quarter's salary was still in arrears, and that there were not many opportunities for him to change his situation, he assented with wonderful cheerfulness to his leader's suggestion.

"Then Malden let it be!" said the Protector. "It will serve to remind posterity that the first fight between white men occurred on these shores!" And Malden it was, and is.



Julius Cæsar at Revere Beach.

With a Personal Narrative of His Occupation of Malden.

The winter sessions of the Malden Archæological Society are expected to be of an unusually interesting character, arising from the different opinions held by the members as to the settlement of the locality. What is known as the classic party claim that Julius Cæsar invaded Massachusetts, landing at Chelsea Beach, and establishing his headquarters in Maplewood, and they base their decision mainly on a séance held with the materialized Roman emperor, and the finding of an alleged cinerary urn and a Roman type by the president of the so-called society. In support of their argument they further claim that the president has a model of a galley—nay, a regularly equipped galley—in his possession, and this galley bears unmistakable evidence of occupation of the Roman type.

Those who oppose this theory that Cæsar invaded Malden, hold, first, that there is not a particle of evidence to sustain the theory that Julius Cæsar was insane, and that no man in his senses would have landed on Revere or Chelsea Beach. To the counter-argument that Robinson Crusoe landed there, and that the Crusoe House was named after him, it is replied that Robinson Crusoe, though a model of common sense, couldn't help himself, anyway; he had to land just where the waves threw him. Besides, they urge that while the Crusoe House is *prima facie* evidence that Crusoe landed there, it is strongly suspected that those who claim that he lived there have read the solitary mariner's story as presented at the Howard, and are entirely innocent of having read Defoe's edition of the wonderful voyage.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

But this is not all. The opponents of Roman occupation maintain that the alleged materialization of Julius Cæsar at a Boston spiritual séance is not in itself unmistakable proof of a Roman invasion—even if it was Cæsar's ghost which did duty on that occasion. They argue, first, that the \$50 given to the medium was never paid to Julius Cæsar; that he never wanted money and couldn't use it if he did; further that paper money is not current where Julius Cæsar is; and, lastly, that a figure very much like the majestic Roman at the materialization séance was seen in a saloon on Dover Street communing with other spirits—and water (with very little water)—and that he was overheard to say confidentially to a friend,

“Du fules donatid ye spondulex,”

which, it is urged, is not the kind of Latin Cæsar was in the habit of using, but is painfully suggestive, when rendered into English, of the fact that two fools had given the money wherewith the communion was being held.

The cinerary urn, a description of which was published in the Records of the Society, was also condemned, as being of more recent origin than the Roman period, and that the model of a Roman pillar is not conclusive of the theory held by the so-called classicists.

No. 3 party in the Archæological institute strenuously urge that the Norwegians, or rather the Norsemen, were the first to land on these shores, and they urge in behalf of their theory the result of a course of investigation at the North End of Boston, and the West End of Malden, with striking ethnological proof of the existence of descendants of the Vikings and the Bersekers—long since corrupted into Beerseekers;

SLINGS AND ARROWS

and they are provided with testimony from Hjalmar Bjornstjerne and much sculpture to support their view.

Finally there are those who claim that neither Roman, Norsemen, nor Oliver Cromwell discovered Malden, but that she rose like a muddy Aphrodite out of the mud of the creek of the Mystic, and that the place was originally intended as a penal settlement.

The President of the Archæological Society's paper, read at a recent meeting, in the opinion of the "classicists," fully establishes the fact that Julius Cæsar landed at Revere Beach, and established his headquarters in Malden. It is somewhat unfortunate for the dignity of history that this paper should have been presented in the shape of poetry, yet it is gratifying to know that the President's communing with the spirit of Julius Cæsar was attended with no personal inconvenience.

THE ROMAN OCCUPATION OF MALDEN.

(The Notes by the Curator of the Society.)

I want an invocation; for heroic verse,
According to all precedent, demands a
High-falutin, pompous kind of prayer
Should always occupy the foremost stanza.
Unlike Lord Byron, I have found my hero:
Great Cæsar's self came from the land of mystery.
(The medium said his price was fifty dollars
For giving me these points of Roman history.)

I must admit, considering his great age,
The old gent's memory was most tenacious;
His manner stern, but, when the cash was paid,
The medium said, he grew exceeding gracious;

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Was quite au fait on subjects of the times,
And freely from our modern poets quoted,
Mixing their rhymes quite oddly with the facts,
In just the style you find hereafter noted:—

(Mrs. Hemans.)

“The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock bound coast,”
When Julius Cæsar landed
On Revere Beach with his host.

(Joseph Rodman Drake.)

“When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her banner to the air,”
He marched 'em to the Ocean House,
And fed 'em with clam chowder there.

(Whittier.)

“Maud Muller, on a summer's day,”
The Romans saw down Linden way.

(Whittier. “Barbara Freitchie.”)

“Up the street came the Roman tread,”
Julius Cæsar riding ahead.

(“Stonewall Jackson's Way.”)

“We see him now, the old slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew,”
As right in front of a grocery store
His bridle-rein he drew.

(The Shan Van Vocht.”—Anonymous.)

“And where will they have their camp?”
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

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SLINGS AND ARROWS

"What will the yeoman do?
For things are looking blue,
And I'm getting in a stew,"
Is just what Cæsar thought.

(Boker. "Black Regiment.")

"Down the long dusty line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine."
"When can we hope to dine?"
(This was the great event
In Cæsar's regiment.)

(Key. "Star Spangled Banner.")

"O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?"
The cold beef and crackers, the blue-fish and lobsters,
And the Ocean House chowder so fragrantly
steaming.

(G. H. McMaster. "Old Continentals.")

"Then with eyes to the front all
And with guns horizontal"
Stood they well,
And the hungry ranks grew frantic
And they said—"This little antic
Is a miserable sell."
And louder, louder, louder grew the yell for the clam
chowder;
And Cæsar's spirits fell.

(Ingoldsby. Parody of "Burial of Sir John Moore.")

"Not a sou had he got, not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly worried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the grocer after him hurried!

SLINGS AND ARROWS

(Bryant. "Song of Marion's Men.")

"Our fortress is the good greensward,
Our tents the cypress tree.
Back to the pathless forest
Before the break of day."
"For there ain't a free lunch in the town,
And we've got no means to pay."

If any doubt exists as to the reasonableness of the author's assertion that Julius Cæsar landed at Revere Beach, and that his legions occupied Malden, we refer to the archives and the Museum of the Archæological Institute. An account of a series of remarkable discoveries of Roman remains will be found therein, and the articles themselves, in a marvellous state of preservation, are open to the most careful inspection, on application to the president. Owing to a jealousy, we regret to say, not infrequent among learned societies, the N. E. Historic-Genealogical Society has not embodied the notice of these discoveries in its debates. The order in which these articles were found was as follows:—

April 1st. The President, while relieving his antiquarian mind by the pursuit of practical horticulture, came across a small piece of metal, which at first he raked contemptuously aside as unworthy of notice. Shortly after, with that keen sense of investigation which renders him so specially fitted for his position, he took the despised piece of metal and closely examined it. A special meeting of the M. A. I. was at once convened, when the discovery was laid before them. It was a small oblong piece of mixed metal,

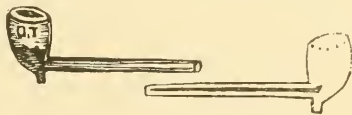
SLINGS AND ARROWS

apparently forming a portion of a curious model, the pediment of the pillar being slightly concave *b*, and at a certain distance fluted, *c*, on one or two places.

The capital of the model pillar was bevelled, *e*, and and on the apex was seen the Latin letter C, *d*, in alto-relievo. The annexed diagram shows its construction and general design. It is gratifying to be able to state that the members with one accord pronounced the pillar to be of a decidedly Roman Type.

The second discovery, by the same distinguished gentleman, occurred three days later; and though opinion is divided as to the use of the fragment found, the members were unanimous in their estimate of the value of the discovery. This was a small conical vessel of white clay, about an inch in diameter, and tapering down to a fine point. About half an inch from the bottom, a shank or handle projected,—the shank being perforated. Some fine ashes were found at the base; and the vessel generally bore marks of incineration. Various theories as to its use have been pro-

THE CINERARY URN.



Longitudinal section, showing method of perforation.

pounded; but the whole subject will have to be referred to the Smithsonian Institute. If any doubt existed as to its antiquity, the presence of a Roman cryptograph (not yet solved) satisfactorily proves its

SLINGS AND ARROWS

age. The first inscription is on the outside of the cone, and consists of two letters only, "T. D.," doubtless the initials of Tiberius Dentatus; and on the handle of the vessel the inscription, in bas relief, "G. . . . S G. . . . V." The annexed diagram shows the vessel, and fig. 1 the shank or handle.

The discussion of the President's paper in support of the theory that Julius Cæsar invaded Massachusetts, and that his legions occupied Malden, took place immediately after the reading of the paper. The objections to the theory were foreshadowed in the introduction to this article, and need not be repeated here. The meeting was a large and enthusiastic one, and the classicists who supported the President's views as to the Roman conquest were unanimous in their praises of the powerful arguments, and the concurred testimony of the poets by which they were sustained.

The relics—the model type and the cinerary urn—were eagerly scanned by both parties, and the galley evoked genuine enthusiasm from all present. The solitary dissentient who declared that it was too small for purposes of war or of military transportation, since it could hold so few, was triumphantly sat upon by the undisputed assertion of the printer of this paper that it had been known to hold a column of 5,000,—and an open column at that.



SLINGS AND ARROWS

The Delayed Epic.



To the Editor of the Malden Headlight:

Epic be hanged! No, sir, it isn't coming;

A glance above will show the reason why.

The relics of dyspepsia from Thanksgiving,

And present gout, has knocked the thing sky-high.

When was the inspiration of the Muses equal

To coping with such maladies as these?

I only write to fill the usual column,

And keep secure my weekly bread and cheese.

The gout in question is a family relic,

Bequeathed by ancestors of long ago.

I sometimes wish they hadn't been so generous,

Or found some other place than my big toe

SLINGS AND ARROWS

In which their only heirloom could be gathered,
They once possessed broad acres, gold galore;
I've got the only acher left, and that's so tender
I'm forced to use a crutch to cross the floor.

My gout, of course, suggests that they lived "high;"
I live high, too—my room is called an attic;
Thus, spite of changes, "blood will always tell,"
And find expression by a means emphatic.
I venerate my sires who fought at Hastings,
And wrested Magna Charta from King Jack,
Or chased, with Drake, the Spaniards o'er the ocean,
And with doubloons came gaily sailing back.

I only wish they'd stuck to that same pastime,
Those ancestors of mine, so stern and stout,
And found no piping times of peace to practice
The cultivation of a family gout.
Blisters and colchicum! Excuse this groaning;
That twinge was really more than I could bear,
It seemed as if my ancestors were pulling
Me by the toe from out the family chair.

My gout's a legacy of intermittent action,
And largely due to high-fed English sires.
My later ancestors who came to Plymouth,
Living on beans, and free from gross desires,
Nigh killed the family gout. It would have died,
According to the law of evolution,
But for the freer style of life that marked
The period of our glorious Revolution.

This bit of genealogy is offered,
With possibilities of some exception;
I don't profess to trace the current clear,
And may be guilty of some self-deception.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

I don't feel certain of the Pilgrim branch.

I'd much prefer to know my sires had fought
In that great struggle which the Pilgrims fled from,
Where Eliot, Pym and brave old Cromwell wrought.

It's likely that my sires once played their parts,

Here on this spot against a king's exaction;
Perhaps on the other side; the fact would not
For me possess a lesser satisfaction.

Mayhap they fought like Britons to prevent

The thirteen colonies from rank secession.

We learned their war-cry eighty-five years later—

A wonderful example of progression.

But if a poet is to have the gout,

A high-flown pedigree won't hurt the mixture—

('Twas necessary something should be done

As some excuse for putting in the picture);

Staff poets who are paid on space submit

Even to gout from sense of duty solemn.

I'd amputate my leg (that is, on paper)

To save myself from writing up a column.



SLINGS AND ARROWS

The Ode to Malden.

(From the Malden Headlight, Nov. 16, 1881.)

PRELUDE.

Hail, Malden! youngest city of the State,
Whose civic troubles, like a young bear's teeth,
Have yet to come. You start upon your course
Under conditions highly favorable. And I,
The hireling poet of a mercenary printer,
Respectfully salute your rising power,
And lay a votive offering of blank verse
(And very blank at that) at your fair feet,
And wish you every possible success.

THE EPIC.

I would not dare to breathe the slightest hint
Which hostile critics might miscall detraction,
So much of beauty shows upon thy face,
That I would rather dwell on each attraction;
Paint with a glowing pencil each fair scene,
And add if possible to Nature's dowry,
Although the flattery has of late been thick,
Not gently shed, but poured out rather showery.

I love thee, Malden, but my love's platonic,
Although the quality is most emphatic.
I've got a wife "to home," and so the feeling,
I grieve to say, cannot be too ecstatic.
It's only the Deliberative Club
Can let its passion overlap all reason
And talk of "lovely bride," which is a shame,
And, for old married men, quite out of season.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

I own it's easy to "adopt a country"
('Tis done to swell the votes at each election),
Though some of the adoptors might not please,
If that country made a fair selection.
But when it comes to wedding a whole city,
I must confess I shrink from such a duty;
I really cannot do it—though Jerome H. Fiske
Rightly insists that Malden is a beauty.

In spite of speches at the "Delib.'s" supper,—
Though the new city is a source of pride,
I can't afford to run the risk of stating
That Malden is "my own, my lovely bride."
There is a lady who would raise objection
(Being somewhat literal) to this expression,
My "legal enemy" owns me entirely,
And will not yield a jot of her possession.

This understood, O, Malden! I adore thee!
I like the glorious hills which round thee nestle;
Whose tree-clad summits woo the Summer breeze
And with the Winter storms so proudly wrestle;
Or, yielding to the ardent sun's embrace,
Blush crimson in the fall at his fierce glances;
Or wear the Winter crown of snow so chastely,
And melts in tears of rain as Spring advances.

This vertebræ of solid granite hills,
From out whose clefts the hardy maples spring,
Whose silvered foliage bends to every breeze,
And in whose woods the merry song-birds sing,
Seem, in their vernal grandeur, to be saying,
Here is a type of our fair city life,—
She yields to every breath of public motion,
But a strong purpose underlies the strife.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

A Listening World.

"Every manifestation of the public will in this country is regarded with interest, not to say apprehension, by the governing parties of the older communities. The whole world listens when the freemen of America speak."—[Extract from a Malden Fourth of July oration.]

Britannia bends a listening ear
Close down upon the table,
To catch the first click of the news
That's flashed across by cable.
Even Irish troubles vex her not,
Nor fair trade, nor protection;
She waits with anxious, nervous dread,
The news of our election.

Prince Bismarck has a little scheme,
To lead all Europe war-ward,
But with Kalnoky to the West
Is eager looking forward.
Why stand they thus, with eager eyes,
Absorbed in our direction?
Europe must wait, until they hear
How goes our next election.

Even Alex. III. peeps from his fort
For information yearning,
And Grevy, striving to be calm,
Is with impatience burning;

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The stolid Turk makes little sign,
The Greek appears dejected,
And will remain so till he hears
From Malden who's elected.

The baby king of Spain's in tears,
His mother thinks him ailing,
And anxious King Umberto swears,
While Marguerite is wailing.
Prince Ferdinand the Bulgars trust,
But hate to see him lost on
Any attempt to get results
By cablegram from Boston.

The king of Siam eager waits,
The khan of Khiva's worried,
The two Tycoons of famed Japan—
Both wish the news was hurried.
Australia ceases to advance,
The Fijians don't feel called on
To do a stroke until they hear
Who is the Mayor of Malden.

In short, the world is standing still
On us alone awaiting,
If what the speaker said was true
When last July orating.
It's kind o' rough to keep the globe
From turning on its axis,
Because we haven't chosen yet
What folks shall spend our taxes.

Moral Reform.

Mustapha Chokh as a Patron of Pure Literature—
Stories of Piracy and Mutiny at Sea, with Moral
Attached.

To the Editor of THE MALDEN HEADLIGHT:

Sir.—I have joined the Moral Reform Society, and am a Moral Reformer of the strictest type. My aim is to supply literature for the rising generation which shall combine high-pressure morality with those elements of adventure which every boy delights in, and which spirit, if rightly directed, shall serve to keep up the supply of Arctic explorers, Indian scouts and mariners for the next generation. The ordinary philanthropist, who seeks to create a high-moral literature, generally begins by reprinting foreign books, and foreign publishers and authors enjoy the satisfaction of seeing their works become popular, and profitable—to the pirates. They grumble that this moral publication idea begins in robbery from them, and complain that they ought to reap some benefit, as if the moral education of our embryo citizens were not reward enough for anyone. It is indeed true moral reform which has its foundation in international literary theft.

If the captious reader thinks the following is an imitation of the "Bab Ballads," he has only to read the "Bab Ballads" to see that Gilbert never wrote like Mustapha Chokh. He couldn't do it. 'Twould be as much as his reputation was worth.

MUSTAPHA CHOKH.

The Mate of the Betsy Jane.

It was the schooner Betsy Jane,
For Boston from Quincee,
And the skipper had hobbled down below
To take his rye whiskey.

Red was his nose as a carrot tip,
His breath of potatoes told,
And the only use for water he swore,
Was to float his vessel bold.

The skipper he turned up from below
With a new light in his eye.
And he looked aloft and he looked alow,
And he gazed at the evening sky.

"A good fair wind and an easy sea,
And a first-rate mate I've got;
I'll finish that bottle of Bourbon," he said,
And his vessel he soon forgot.

Oh, woe for the skipper who filled so full!
The mate was a pirate bold,
And he took a deep oath on a marlin-spike,
That his aim was gore and gold.

He had read of the deeds of Morgan and Teach,
And he revelled in Captain Kidd,
And he spent a year on Squantum beach
In searching for treasure hid.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

He laughed to scorn the winds and waves,—
“I’m the Sea King, and I’ll fix
This vessel up as a pirate craft”
(She was loaded then with bricks).

O, the chaste full moon looked down that night
On a lad of royal mien,
Who stood at the helm of the Betsy Jane,
Aged just about thirteen.

He aimed to rival the Boy Buccaneer,
And he cautiously looked around,
And matured his plans as the vessel sailed
From Quincy to Boston town.

He would take the Betsy Jane to sea
Ho, ho, for the Spanish Main!
And the Florida Keys and the Bahamese,
And Hurrah for the Betsy Jane!

He would make the skipper walk the plank,
And the plank he accordingly fixed.
He would stand at the end and tilt it up,—
Oh, he knew the pirates’ tricks!

So he called the skipper up from below
And he gently led the way,
Where the plank was leading from the side
To the waters of the bay.

Full half a foot o’er the raging sea
The end of the plank was fixed,—
The Betsy Jane sailed very low
(She was loaded deep with bricks).

SLINGS AND ARROWS



"He tumbled him over into the sea."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

And the pirate armed with a marlin-spike
Drove the captain to his doom;
He tumbled him over into the sea,
Abaft of the mizzen jib-boom.

Then loudly laughed the pirate bold,
And again he laughed in glee,
"Through Shirley Gut the Betsy Jane
Will sail away to sea!"

But alas for the schemes of the pirate bold!
The skipper on board had climbed,
And, with a rope's end in his hand,
He gently came behind.

The laughter came to a sudden end,
The pirate's reign was o'er!
When he rose from athwart the Captain's knee
He seemed to feel quite sore.

The Betsy Jane sailed on her way,
From Quincy to Boston town;
But 'twas fifteen days ere the pirate bold
Found comfort in sitting down.



An Emergency Lecture.

He sighed, she blushed, then turned her head—
He fell upon his knees,
And poured forth tender words of love
In broken Bostonese.

"I offer thee my name, 'tis one
On old John Winthrop's charter;
The name (I might have said at first)
Algernon Sidney Carter."

She smiled, but 'twas a cultured smile—
He felt his hopes grow colder;
She owned to seeing twenty years—
Algy was four years older.

"Please rise, dear Algernon," she said,
And her request he grants,—
'Twas awkward anyway to kneel
In tightly fitting pants.

"I love you Algy dear," she said,
"But more the cause of science"—
He muttered hastily, "Good bye,
Forget me, as I fly hence.

"I never thought your taste for moths
Could prove of love an index;
I don't mind metaphysics, but
I draw the line at insects."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

She sighed, then sighed and sighed again,
To give her feelings scope;
Then fixed a living subject 'neath
Her dainty microscope.

But here the charms of science failed,
For once, to yield abstraction;
She threw the microscope aside
And took decided action.

Down the steep balustrade she "slode"—
They learn the way at Vassar—
Algernon met her in the hall,
He did not try to pass her.

What followed there was never known,
But science lost a martyr,
And, in due course, Minerva Briggs
Became Minerva Carter.

MORAL.

There is a moral somewhere here,
Which Boston girls may guess;
Don't let your taste for science check
A plump and hearty yes.

Don't slide adown the balustrade—
Unless in cases where
You'd lose a husband by the slow
Descent of every stair.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Ye Ballade.

Of Ye Gentle Conductaire and Ye Younge Widowe's Babie.

Once I knew a car conductor (the name, Bill Jones,
is spurious
And is only used to thwart the vicious efforts of the
curious).

A sober, serious man, with a strictly moral bias,
Very grave, and staid and stately, though perhaps not
wholly pious.

Bill Jones about his duties would proceed with rare
precision;
He was always level-headed and he acted with de-
cision.

To the passengers he seemed a man of most unusual
meekness;
He was perhaps a little shy, but it was his only weak-
ness.

"Gentle Jones" the people named him, for he had a
gentle way;
When he murmured "All right, go ahead!" he always
seemed to say:

"Pray proceed with extra caution, for we have a pre-
cious freight!"
And the caution with the engineer, we hope, had
always weight.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

He was quite polite to ladies, and on children fairly
doted,
For attention to the latter he was 'round the country
noted.

He would take the "precious pledges," as he called
them, in his arms,
And he never tired of listening to the details of their
charms.

For the youngsters he had candies in his pockets
always stored,
And the babies' eyes gleamed brightly when they
came his cars aboard.

And Conductor Jones would smile and say, "It is to
me a treat,
I give the candies rightly, for the sweets are for the
sweet."

Once a widow, young and handsome, on a depot
platform waited
For Conductor Jones's train, which seemed a little
nite belated

(He had stopped at one way station to procure some
paregoric
For a "precious pledge," which seemed to Jones to
suffer from the colic).

But the widow waited for him with a patience that
was charming,
And she soothed with sweet-toned lullaby her baby's
cries alarming.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Conductor Jones stepped off his train, and saw the
grievin' widder,
Whose rape veil, fifteen yards in length, from close
inspection hid her.

"May I take your precious babe on board?" Bill Jones
politely asked;
He would have counted it a-sin to see her strength so
tasked.

She gave the baby with a smile, and gulp, as of
emotion,
Conductor Jones then waved his hand and put the
train in motion.

Alas, for woman's perfidy, the widow him preceded,
And as he entered in the front, she from the rear
receded.

With agile step she left the train and in the distance
vanished,
And left Conductor Jones her babe, from her forever
banished.

Conductor Jones, with babe in arms, in vain the cars
inspected,
The whole train seemed to be in smiles, Bill Jones
alone excepted.

He bore the babe to Boston, and he stood outside the
door
(Babe in arms), to help the ladies down, as oft he'd
done before.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

No widow came to claim her babe, and Jones was in
dismay,
And the other fellows grinned and winked, which
was just their wicked way.

But the transportation agent, with a humor most
sardonic,
Wrote a note dismissing Jones, which contained this
hint laconic,—

“Better run a home for foundlings, for which you have
a starter;”
And poor Jones, for his politeness, was thusly made a
martyr.

Years have passed, and Bill is searching, with a pa-
tience few can equal,
For the widow. When she’s found, I’ll try to write
the sequel.



The Steward of the Singapore.

It was an Ancient Mariner
Who rang the front-door bell,
With gold-laced cap and rolling gait,
The part he acted well.

It was the lady of the house
Who opened wide the door:
"My lady; I am steward of
The brave old Singapore.

"She's lying at East Boston now;
Where all the gallant Cu-
Narders land their passengers;
I'm steward in her crew.

"And I have here a case of knives;
The which—if I'm not ahead,—
Have come ashore, without the form
Of seeing Mister Beard.

"They cost me just five dollars, Ma'rm
They're marked real triple plate,
I bought them for a party, who
Have skipped from out the State."

Then up the subtle lady spoke;
"I know the Singapore,
And on her voyage to Liverpool
She's half-way out or more.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"An' if ye be the steward bold,
She's given you the slip,
I pray thee, gentle steward, go
And join another ship.

"These triple-plated knives have ne'er
Paid any import dues;
They make 'em in Connecticut;
They're just the sort I use.

"So Gentle Mariner, sheer off!"
He beat a quick retreat;
But sold his "smuggled" knives and spoons
A few doors down the street.



The Color Bearer at Fredericksburg.

"Here is the spot," the old man said,
"See where the ground-vines bravely grow,
Trailing their lithe limbs o'er the mounds
Heaped high more'n twenty years ago.
Here stood our boys—'the Rebs,' you say?
It ain't our fashion so to name 'em;
Though it was the name their grandsires bore,
When George was King, and tried to tame 'em.

"I think I see it now—the guns,
Muzzles depressed, that swept the slope,
Backed by a wood behind, which held
An army in its ample scope.
And at the base a purling stream.—
'Tis summer now, and seems a-sleeping—
But then it ran a spring-time flood
O'er sandy shallows bravely leaping.

"There crossed the Yanks—I think I see,
Again, the gallant boys in blue
Form at the base and open files,
While round like hail our bullets flew.
Then up the hill we saw them dash,
Our whistling bullets never heeding,
Though quicker far than I can tell
Full half upon the ground were bleeding.

"But soon their shells our range had found,
And in our woodland covert dashing,
Spread death and havoc fiercely 'round,
The trees around us ever crashing.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

We piled the hillside with their dead,
They death for death on us retorted,
Grinding our strength to powder, as
Their own brave escalade was thwarted.

"But once again the lines of blue
Upon the river's bank was forming,
And swiftly up the steep hillside
The second line essayed the storming.
I saw their leader—but a boy—
His bright young face with ardor beaming,
Grasp at the colors as they fell,
And hold 'em up on high a-streaming.

"Like snow upon a mountain crest,
When rays of summer sun are shining,
His brave command had passed away,
Their bodies all the hillside lining.
Yet still on high he held the flag,
As though a legion gathered 'round him,
Till his life-blood the stripes bedewed,
And lying on its folds we found him.

"'Dead?' no, thank God; the brave lad breathed;
He lived, maybe is living yet;
That ugly scar above his eye,
I'm sure, I never shall forget.
Three fingers of his left hand missing,—
Why, you're the boy! I don't mind saying,
I'm glad it ended as it did,
To keep us from the old flag straying."

SLINGS AND ARROWS



Yet still on high he held the flag.

A Russian War Hymn—1878.

We're coming, Alexander, at least a million more,
From Kanineshaeja's bay and Obskalagouba's shore;
From Karakouska's frozen wild, from Tymaskaia's
plain,
We're marching, Alexander, with all our might and
main.

From Gatmonschino's forests, from Tschernorbeskoi's
vale,
From Wassiagourbska's blooming fields, from Olym-
skia's dale,
From Kakamajora's villages, from Meidoucharki's
Isle,
We're coming, Alexander, the weary rank nad file.

From polysyllabic villages we're marching gayly
down,
And we're going to rot in Turkey to gild anew your
crown;
We're on to Schernavoda, and Krajojevacz we seek,
And we're headed by some generals whose names no
tongues can speak.

From provinces and districts whose names before the
eye
Look like an algebraic problem tumbled into pi,
We "arolows" and "offskies," "effs" and "offs" and
vitches,"
For Holy Church and pious Czar will die in Turkish
ditches.

The Mutiny on the Sairey Ann.

It was the schooner Sairey Ann
That sailed the summer sea;
And the skipper's wife she came aboard,
For a masterful dame was she.



Of stature tall as her native pines,
Cheeks angular and thin;
And her eyes like a weasel's, sharp and clear,
Pierced through one like a pin.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His heart was in his mouth;
"I wish Matilda would come up on deck,
I'm suffering much from drouth.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"She keeps the key of the locker," he said,
"And I'm dyin', a'most, fer a sip;
A skipper who carries his wife aboard
Is only the mate of a ship.

"She's steward, and bo'sun, and cap'n and crew,
And I'm but a loblolly b'y!"
In the slack of his breeches he took up a reef,
And he heavéd the log with a sigh.



Then he hailed the lookout on the mizzentop truck,
From the fo'ks'l he called up the watch,
And he bribed a galoot with the toe of his boat
To fasten the cabin-door latch.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

And the crew held a caucus right there on the deck,
The skipper, of course, in the chair;
For the spirit of '76 was aroused,
And mutiny breathed in the air.

Then a shellback who'd sailed in the old Sairey Ann,
When the skipper was single and free,
Said: "We used to have rye sarved out all around,
Instead of this cat-lap called tea.

"I'm in favor of saying we won't work this ship
Any more, on seven-eighths water grog;"
It was put to the vote, and the crew all said aye,
And they swore a deep oath on the log.

And the skipper was named a committee of one
To treat with the cap'n below;
He would have refused, but his throat was too dry,
Yet with fear to the task he did go.

But he stealthily crept to the cabin hatchway
And he quietly opened the door;
Where he found Mrs. Jones, rolling-pin in her hand,
Mounting guard o'er the whiskey in store.

The skipper was brave as a lion, 'twas said,
But he shook in his shoes when he saw her,
Yet the sight of the keys set his heart in a flame,
And he thought with fine phrases to thaw her.

"Matilda, my dear, the pride of my heart,
There's mutiny onto this ship,
The crew have met in a caucus, and swore
They'll take to the longboat and skip;

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"They're tired, they say, of seven-water grog,
They want it a little more stiff;"
But Captain Matilda's nose went in the air,
And she gave a contemptuous sniff.

"I'll show 'em who's boss of this barky," she said;
"I've fed 'em like cattle in clover."
The rolling pin fell on Eliphalet's head
With a force that knocked him clean over.



She marched o'er his body right on to the deck,
The crew in a body looked blue;
The look-out shinned up the back bobstay aloft,
The boy in the galley hid, too.

The watch below, which had come up on deck,
Now scampered the quickest way down;
And Matilda Jane Jones stood triumphant on deck—
There wasn't a mutinous sound.

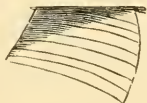
SLINGS AND ARROWS

"If there's any more growling aboard of this ship
I'll cut off the baccy as well!"
The skipper and crew went down on their knees,
And penitent tears from them fell.



The key of the locker Matilda still kept,
But she wouldn't of victory boast,
So she generously fed 'em with water and milk,
And occasionally added some toast.

The brave Sairey Ann made her port in a week,
And a meeker crew never landed;
Matilda marched 'em off to a blue-ribbon club;
She was president, too, when they banded.



Man's Inhumanity to Man.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,"
So runs the oft-repeated text
Of that old-fashioned song.

My wants are few, and easy met,—
I don't desire a store of wealth;
Content if lodged and clothed and fed,
A little fun, and robust health.

My wants, indeed, are few. Alas!
I wish all others were;
But many other people seek
My little store to share.

My landlord wants from me his rent,
My grocer wants his little bill;
The tailor wants to claim a part,—
I hardly can their wants fulfill.

The city wants its taxes paid;
The butcher swears in accents solemn,
He wants some cash, and so the list
Might be extended to a column.

"Man wants but little here below,"
And I the world could live at peace in;
'Tis other folks who want so much,
And whose demands are never ceasing.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Love and Art.

“Angelina, dost thou love me?
Does that blush upon your cheek
Show the tide of passion swelling
Of a love you dare not speak?
From the lovely lips that falter
I appeal to that meek blush!”
But she softly answered, “’Tis a bit
Of rouge which makes that flush.”

“Angelina, Angelina,
In my eyes divinely fair,
With that delicate complexion,
Like a peach-bloom, ripe and rare;
Lay your head upon this bosom,
On this faithful heart find rest;”
“It would leave,” she whispered softly,
“Powdered chalk upon your vest!”

“Will you wed me, Angelina?”
And she shyly answered “Yes;”
And I strove upon her lovely lips
The bargain to impress.
But she bashfully repulsed me
For a reason very clear:
“I’ve just fixed ’em, Harry darling,
And the carmine is so dear.”

Then I looked quite disappointed;
And I thought I saw the swelling
Of the tear-drops, on her eyelids
And her lovely lashes dwelling.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Let it be my task," I pleaded,
To remove all trace of sorrow;"
And she coyly yielded, whispering,
"They'll need pencilling to-morrow."

Then we laughed and sighed together
And I saw her lips disclose
A set of pearly teeth which gleamed
Against her lips of rose.
And I told her they were charming,
And she said in liquid tones:
" 'Twas the best; the dentist told me,
And they cost me eighty 'bones.' "

"Angelina, Angelina,—
As I said, divinely fair,—
Like a mass of molten sunshine .
Gleams your lovely golden hair."
"Yes, 'tis lovely," Angie murmured,
"And it suits my costume's colors;
But it's getting out of fashion,
Though it cost me fifty dollars."

"May I have a lock, my dearest?"
And she generously replied,
"You may have the whole caboodle,
For I hate to have it dyed.
I'll have another suit of hair
When next I go to town;
And I think I'll try dark auburn
Or a lovely chestnut brown!"

"Angelina, Angelina,
Will you love me when I'm old,

SLINGS AND ARROWS

When the snowy locks of age replace
The youthful crown of gold;
When wrinkles on my forehead trace
The cares of many years,
When cheeks are thin, and eyes are dim,
And duller are these ears?"

"O my love," cried Angelina,
Mine to-day and mine forever!
With the hair restorers, darling,
We will mock old Time's endeavor.
Eye-glasses are no sign of age,
Nor yet of weakening sight;
Twixt audiphone and dentist,
And painter, we'll be right."

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,"
Thus I murmured from the poet,
And my Angie, in concurrence,
Gently rippled, "Yes I know it;
But we'll beat old Time quite hollow,
For Time wastes, while Art is thrifty;
If we should fill our seventy years,
We're sure to pass for fifty."



SLINGS AND ARROWS

The Black Watch.

42d Royal Highlanders.

Since first to England Scotia fair was wed,
Her warlike sons have won a glorious name,
On many a hard-fought battle field have bled,
And gained the deathless laurel wreath of fame.

As when on Fontenoy's ensanguined field,
The exulting foe their valorous vengeance felt,
And from their deadly onslaught backward reeled,
As summer hail before the sunbeams melt.

Or when upon Egypta's deserts drear,
Brave Abercrombie fell in mortal strife,
The dying hero heard their joyous cheer,
And victory soothed his ebbing tide of life.

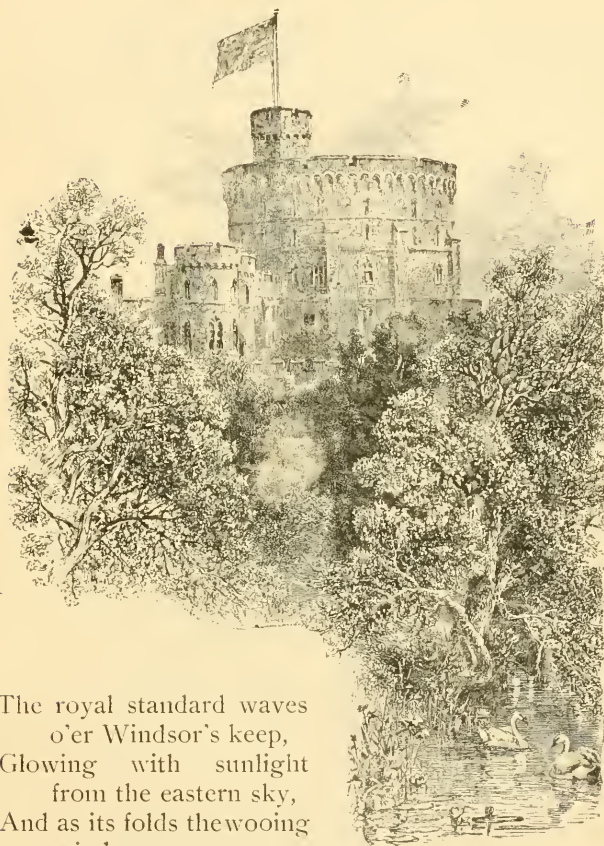
Or, led by that great Captain—whose keen glance,
Approving, seemed our father's highest pride—
By years of warfare, on exultant France,
From fair Iberian plains rolled back war's tide.

Where'er their country's foes were found.
'Neath India's burning sun, or Crimean snows,
True sons of noble sires in war renowned,
No less in these the warlike ardor glows.

"None with impunity dare ever touch"
The kilted ranks, inflamed with martial fire,
Who wrested Lucknow from the tiger's clutch,
And on the Sepoys wreaked a vengeance dire.

The Hope of the fathers—

The Pride of the Sons.



The royal standard waves
o'er Windsor's keep,
Glowing with sunlight
from the eastern sky,
And as its folds the wooing
winds caress

The loud-mouthed cannons greet the banner high.

SLINGS AND ARROWS⁴

Loud ring the echoes through the stately hills;
The White Horse vale prolongs the cheering sound;
Where good King Alfred won his patriot fight
The echoes linger lovingly around.

Westward the signal flies, and on the seas
From stately ships the answer fills the breeze;
Till Halifax and gray old Quebec shake
With joy-bells' peal and cannons' thunderous quake.
From where St. Lawrence meets Atlantic tides,
To where the Frazer to the ocean glides,
Each stately city, forest, farm and field,
Loyal and bounteous, all their homage yield.
From the new Britain 'neath the southern sky
A million loyal voices make reply.
The lovely islands of the Indian main
Repeat with perfumed breath the glad refrain.
From Afghan frontier forts the cannons' roar
Prolongs the blast from Cormorin's southern shore;
The royal flag at Aden's lonely post,
Salutes the peal from India's far-off coast;
Around the dusky continent it flies,
And St. Helena's lonely isle replies;
Cyprus to Malta sends the message west,
It leaps in fire from gray Gibraltar's crest;
O'er Windsor's stately keep the standard's fold
Reflects the western sunset's red and gold.
Low sinks the sun, the royal flag is furled,
Rich with a benison from round the world.

Our fathers, old and worn,
Tell of that summer morn
When in the gray old Abbey fair attended,
The new-crowned Maiden Queen,
Amid the joyous scene,

SLINGS AND ARROWS

With tear-dimmed eyes and meek head lowly bended,
The sceptre in her trembling hands extended.

And standing by her side,
Our fathers' joy and pride,
The war-worn hero of a hundred battlefields
With graceful homage to her queendom yields.
Princely in reverence, peerless among peers,
By peaceful victories crowned in later years,

What memories of that day
When, at far-famed Assaye,
He won an empire for the land he loved so well,
Crowd on our sires who on his glory dwell!
Iberia's fertile plains repeat his name,
And Waterloo exalts the hero's fame!
Type of the Briton, loyal, brave and true:
O Queen, who such a kingly subject knew,
Whose simple creed was Duty's own,
His God, his country and the throne—
Thrice happy thou, with such true-hearted guide—
Britannia's hope, sustained by Britain's pride!

As one who scales a sun-lit height,
Which holds the gloaming on its breast,
And lingers in the reddening light
Awhile for retrospect and rest;
So, from the vantage ground of years,
We may recall the scenes long past,
And see how old-time loyal hopes
To full fruition grow at last.

Our fathers in the Maiden Queen
Saw promise of the nation's youth;
The herald of a nobler age
Which strives for righteousness and truth;

SLINGS AND ARROWS

O'er the wide earth Peace reigned serene,
The cruel scars of war had healed,
And Science, Commerce, Art and Law,
Unhampered, saw a glorious field.

And whose the pen can fitly trace
The record of these fifty years?
The triumphs freedom has achieved,
Beyond our fathers' hopes and fears.
Mercy and Justice met with Law,
And shaped its course toward the light;
Our fathers saw the dawning, we
Are nearing to the noontide bright.

Fair Science took the field, and made
Steam captive of her potent will;
She spanned the ocean's farthest bound
With triumphs of her subtle skill.
She linked each nation's pulsing life,
And penned each throb of grief or mirth,
And gave her sister Commerce power
To gather tribute from all earth.

Who names our Queen the title gives
To Art and Letters, brightest age,
Transcending all in wealth of lore
Of singer, savant, saint and sage.
Brightest of all, this age has seized
The storied wealth of ages past;
The wisdom of the centuries fled
Is our rich heritage at last.

Yet he who marks the flying years
Rich in their victories of Peace,
Might fear the sturdier manhood gone,
Were war's rude discipline to cease.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

'Mid Russian snows, on Indian plains,
The sons their fathers' deeds repeat,
And steel-clad ships bear tars as bold
As "hearts of oak" of Nelson's fleet.

* * * *

O sceptred isle, set in the silver sea,
An empire's throne, between whose jewelled feet
The current of the teeming world divides,
And the tumultuous seas in triumph meet!
Mother of empires! whose strong children bear
The regal marks that test their stately birth;
Reaching out stalwart arms to either pole,
To cultivate, subdue and bless the earth!

The centre to the empire's utmost bound
Repeats her loyal benison to-day;
"Long may she reign," our Britain's Mother Queen!
Ruling our subject hearts with gentle sway.
She, with white flowers of purity and peace,
And stainless life, has garlanded the throne;
Linking the grace and pomp of stately courts
With loftier, purer virtues of the home.

"Long may she reign!" and in the tide of years,
When comes the time to change the earthly crown;
When at the summons of the King of kings,
The dear white hand shall lay the sceptre down,—
May God wipe from her eyes the mist of tears
A husband, son and daughter hides from sight,
And lead her gently through the gate of life,
To wear a fadeless crown in realms of light.

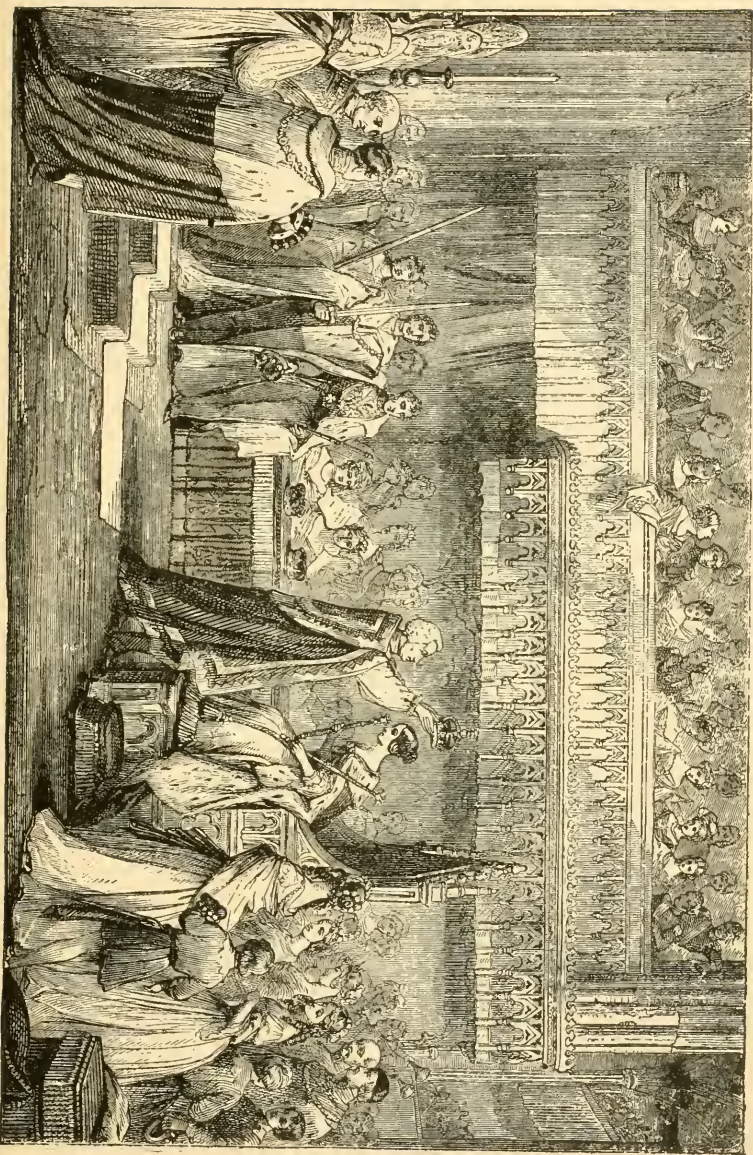
SLINGS AND ARROWS

1886.

Fill high each glass—Up brothers, all!
The toast, "Our Queen!"—long may she reign!"
Our Queen. The thousand leagues of sea
Our true affections bridge again.
Deep in our hearts the love of home
Survives all change of time and place;
And ties of kin this glorious day
Shall weaker memories efface.

Drink deep! Let none mistake us here!
Though changing months have brought the time
When treason at a premium stands
And loyalty is deemed a crime.
When a great party cringes low
To seek applause from alien lips,
And meekly bends a servile back
As target for the rebel's whips.

Pledge we our glorious native isle,
Queen of the stormy northern seas,
What though the storm clouds seem to lower,
'Tis but a passing party breeze.
With patriot pilots at the helm,
Who brook no alien counsels near,
The darkening clouds shall harmless pass—
Only her enemies shall fear.



SLINGS AND ARROWS

Thank God, that high above all strife,
Above the lust for place and power,
Our Britain's throne remains secure,
Untouched by passions of the hour.
Though warring storms reach middle height,
Beyond there it can never rise,
Where in the sunshine of our love
The throne is set amid the skies.

Our grandsires in the maiden Queen
Saw happy promise of her youth,
The symbol of a nobler age
Of right and purity and truth.
We realize their full desires.
We know not of their doubts and fears,
We happy heritors of good,
From out these potent fifty years.



"The Queen! God Bless Her!"

(Read at British Charitable Society's Anniversary Dinner,

May 24, 1883.)

"The Queen! God bless her!" Once again
We here repeat the loyal toast;
The Queen! who here of British birth
But makes such loyalty his boast?
The Queen who rules by right Divine
Of freemen's wills, deserves acclaim;
The Queen! God grant her long to reign,
And still our loyal greeting claim.

Our hearts reach out to those who raise
In our old home the loyal strain;
A thousand leagues of stormy sea
Our recollections bridge again;
We see the daisy-spangled mead,
The hedgerows white with hawthorn bloom;
Or from some furze-clad moor we breathe
The purple heather's rich perfume.

High in the air the lark's clear notes
Above a thousand song-birds' rise;
Or perhaps some ivy-mantled tower
Looms through the mist of moistened eyes;
For home is where our kindred sleep,
The sweet, sad spot of mother earth
Which holds within its hallowed breast
The sacred ones who gave us birth.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

But here let no sad thought intrude,
To-day our hearts beat high with pride;
Here we repeat the loyal wish
The winds have carried far and wide—
Far as the circling seas can bear
Our hardy brothers o'er their crest,
Wide as the circuit of the sun,
From gorgeous East to glowing West,

The North wind speeds the message forth
It breathes from far-off Orient seas;
The South wind bears a kindred hail
From out the far Antipodes;
Westward from Egypt's thirsty sands
The loyal *feu-de-joie* is borne,
From those whose sturdy shout uprose
On Tel-el-Kebir's ruddy morn.

O, Mother England! still thy sons
Are proof to meet thy high desires,
To men of grosser blood are copy yet,
And worthy offspring of their war-proof sires.
The "thin red-line" which outside foes repel,
The inner line of blue that guards the home;
In their right arms and in thy people's love,
Safe from all ill, securely stands the throne.

God bless the Queen! God bless our native land!
God bless our home, wherever that may be!
Whether beneath the glorious starry flag,
Or 'neath St. George's cross beyond the sea.
Long may the kindred flags in triumph wave,
And stars and cross become the source of light,
Growing in splendor till the glorious sun
Of liberty shall all the world unite.

Marcia Green's Mistake.

The moral sense of Meadowville was outraged almost beyond expression.

It did not lack expression, or I might have omitted the qualifying "almost."

On the contrary, the exponents of the moral sense of Meadowville, while declaring that it fairly took their breath away, found plenty of the same breath with which to air their views of the terrible shock to the community.

It wasn't much of a town, by the way, but its sense of propriety and the fitness of things was out of all proportion to its size. The "moral sense" of Meadowville was big enough for New York City. Some idea of its pressure per square inch may present itself to mathematical minds when they are informed that Meadowville could only boast of about two-score houses, rallying around, as if in self-defense, the Meadowville Four Corners, where the store, post-office, churches and school were situated.

Such a thing had never been known before. Miss Marcia Green, principal of the Meadowville school, was especially hurt, and, as representing the moral sense of the village educational system, she might have spoken her mind fearlessly, but did not, for some reason.

I am inclined to think that Deacon Jones' wife considered herself the representative and spokeswoman of Meadowville's feelings.

She was sitting in Miss Marcia's room, enjoying a social cup of tea, as well as her outraged feelings would

SLINGS AND ARROWS

allow. The soothing herb did not seem to soothe particularly well. Miss Marcia pushed her half-empty cup from her and settled back in her chair with a weary sigh.

For years, the town records tell how many, but I will not—she had taught the young idea how to shoot, and never in her experience had such a blow fallen upon the community as that which its "moral sense" now staggered under.

Mrs. Jones responded to the sigh with another, so exquisitely modulated as to be at once a corroborative expression of sympathy, and a preparation for a full consideration of the subject which had grieved the good people of Meadowville.

"I tell you, Marcia, you might ha' knocked me down with a feather when Amandy Jane told me as she had seen him a-riding up to the Corners with her; and it's not twelve-month till next Saturday week sence Mrs. Welby—a mother in Israel, Marcia, if ever there was one, and a pattern of piety and lover of good works—was laid in her grave. And she is not more than twenty-two, I'll vow!"

"Twenty-three," quietly corrected Miss Marcia. She was not disposed to do injustice.

"Well, twenty-three," said Mrs. Jones, quickly. "And he'll never see fifty again."

"Forty-eight, last Thanksgiving," sighed the scrupulously-correct schoolmistress.

"What does it matter?" said Mrs. Jones, half irritably. "Forty-eight and twenty-three! My gracious! and she is not a church member, and for all we know not even a believer. And he has been a deacon of the church for years, and yet despises the word which warns against unequally yoking with unbelievers."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Miss Marcia sighed.

"And there's Almira Crosby, and Cynthia Allen, and I don't know how many, as would have made him a helpmeet, if he had seen fit to need one, and could no longer bear his cross alone. Any of them would have looked after his household, bringing up his children in the nurtur' and admonition of the Lord. But he goes to Boston to fetch a town girl as knows nothing of our life, and has had no experience, to enter into his household. O, Marcia, I fear for the future of those children! It's enough to make poor Martha Welby rise in judgment agin him."

"I have done my whole duty in the matter, I am persuaded," said Miss Marcia, quietly. "Ever since the motherless children have been in my care I have tried to impress upon them the duties and obligations of their daily life; many an hour have I devoted to those children, teaching 'em the way they should go, so that when they were old they should not depart from it."

"Mr. Jones he called on Si Welby only yesterday evening, and tried, in a brotherly way, to tell him how his conduct was regarded."

"Did he?" said Miss Marcia, with more interest than she had hitherto shown. "And what did he—Mr. Welby—say?"

"Oh, my dear Marcia," said the good Mrs. Jones, "I scarcely care to repeat it; and he a church member, and a leader in the meeting! He told Jones, says he, 'Jim, you and I have been neighbors and friends for years,' he says. 'Stop right where you are. I want no one's advice and will tolerate no man's criticism. I know talk will come. Let it be from the old women and old maid's cackle.' Yes, my dear Marcia, 'old maids' cackle.' 'I expect the men to have more sense.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

I marry to please myself, and you can mind your own business.' And he a church member," repeated Mrs. Jones, as if that were the chief offence of all.

"It is his own business," said Miss Marcia, "but it's shocking to think of it. There's poor Grace Welby; how my heart goes out to that poor girl, now rudely thrust aside for a stranger."

"Eh, but that ain't so," said Mrs. Jones, eagerly. In a sly way she seemed anxious to antagonize Marcia all the while. "That ain't so. Grace is well pleased. She says as the children will be better cared for than before, and won't listen to no word agin her step-mother—and she only a year or two younger!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, indignantly.

"I did not think it of Grace," said Miss Marcia Green. "I really did not. Only last Sunday I called on her after meeting, and she seemed so glad to see me."

"Yet you were no stranger; everybody knows how you have ministered to that sick gal since her mother died," said Mrs. Jones, significantly.

"I have tried to do my duty," murmured Miss Marcia.

"And thrown your pearls before—lor, me, I was going to say suthin' unfit then," said Mrs. Deacon Jones. "I really think as Welby ought to have seen how much your presence was a help to that poor afflicted gal, and have seen his duty better."

"What duty?" murmured Miss Marcia.

"What lied right afore him," said Mrs. Jones. "He ought to have appreciated you, and he would have found a sympathizin' Christian helper."

Miss Green was silent. She did not betray even by a sigh how her esteemed friend was torturing her.

"It seems," said Mrs. Jones, watching her com-

SLINGS AND ARROWS

panion's face, "as if he had been wilfully blind to where the hand of the Lord was a-leading him. Oh, Marcia, I am sorry for him! I am, indeed."

"You had better tell him so," said the schoolmistress, trying to force a smile. She did not propose to let Mrs. Jones peck at her wounded heart, though she was bitterly disappointed.

"I must go," said Mrs. Jones, a little disappointed, too, that she had not been more successful in worrying her companion; "but I forgot to tell you how that I hear Welby is going to have his friends around him to 'introduce his new wife.' Will you go?"

"I don't know," murmured Miss Marcia, faintly. "I will try to do as seems right. But when I think of those little children in the hands of such a young woman, I am grieved to the heart."

And with a farewell kiss, Mrs. Deacon Jones departed, having done a good evening's work in torturing her dear friend.

Miss Marcia Green returned to her little room, and gave vent to her long pent-up feelings. God alone knows what a struggle it was to her, and how bravely she conquered her disappointment.

A knock at the door aroused her. She was not well fitted to have company, but she rose and admitted a visitor, and her voice betrayed no evidence of her recent emotion.

"It's never you, Mr. Welby!" she said, as the burly figure of Si Welby stood in the little hall. "I never expected to see you this evening. How is Grace?"

"Grace is better," said Welby. "I hope she will continue to improve, and I think I have gone the right way about it at last."

"I hope so," said the schoolmistress; "the poor child has suffered long."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"You see, Marcia, she needs constant care and attention. The doctor told me——"

"But, mercy on me, don't stand there in the hallway, when there's a comfortable fire to sit by, and the weather is cold enough to freeze one to death!"

"I will come in," said Si, removing his wraps, and kicking off a pair of huge rubber boots, preparatory to moving into Miss Green's cozy little parlor. "And I don't mind if I do have a cup of tea," he added, hesitatingly.

Miss Marcia hastily poured him out a cup, which he drank with evident relish.

"Eh! that goes to the right spot, as the boys say. It is cold outdoors, to be sure. But, as I was saying about Grace, she needs such care and attention as I could not give her. Besides the dear girl was worried with the cares of the household, and could not have the rest. I did think of sending her to a hospital in Boston, where she could have the care she wanted; but she did not want to go, and I went to Boston myself."

"Yes," murmured Miss Marcia.

"And so," said Si, spreading himself before the open fire that seemed so pleasant in the little room, "I went to Boston myself, and the doctors said that mebbe if I could get some experienced nurse or person used to such cases, I might be able to keep Grace to home, and yet secure her care. And he says that's all she needs; time will do all the rest. She is young, and will in a few months be strong again."

"It is a great mercy," said Miss Green.

"It is, indeed, Marshy. Now, how was I to do? It would break Grace's heart to go away from the little ones, and I knew there was one as she had known and loved when she was first taken to the hospital—after she was thrown from the carriage, you know; a young

SLINGS AND ARROWS

nurse as had tended on her devotedly, and of whom she was mighty fond."

Si Welby seemed a little embarrassed. Miss Marcia was no less uncomfortable, but she gave no sign. Anyway she was going to have the story first hand, and that was a consolation—a poor one, to be sure, but better than nothing.

"I went to Boston the next day, after turning the thing over in my mind, and I says to the doctor, says I, 'I would like to see the young lady as tended on Grace before. Mebbe she wouldn't mind comin' to Meadowville, if all is right?'"

"And the doctor looked up, and says he, 'You're a widower, ain't you?' and I says, 'yes.' If Martha had been living I shouldn't be wanted to come on this errand."

"No, indeed," said Miss Marcia.

"The doctor says, 'We will see Miss Dawson. If she likes to go with you I can't gainsay it,' he says. 'But I don't want to lose her, for she is a great help to me.'"

"I want her to be a help to me," I says. "I want my poor motherless girl to have the best care I can get, and how I can do better than have the one she knowed and loved before?"

"It took an awful deal of persuading," said Welby, getting more and more embarrassed. "I didn't think as how it would be any trouble at all till I saw the young lady. But I finally won her consent, and I don't mind saying that I felt myself the happiest man in Boston when I got her over to come and take care of Gracie and the household. They need more than I have been able to give them."

"I hope Grace will improve," said Miss Marcia. "It seems as if you had been led to do the right thing."

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"I know I have," said Welby, "but hang me—" he spoke with an energy that startled the prim little schoolma'm—“if all the old women of both sexes in Meadowville ain't beginning to cackle as if I had done something wrong. Old Jones comes down to me, and sez he, 'Brother Welby, are you sure as you are right,' sez he, 'in making this attachment? Marriage,' sez he, 'is honorable, yet not to be lightly entered into, but,' he sez, 'the apostle earnestly entreated the church members not to be unequally yoked with unbelievers.' And that young woman sitting there with her face afire, and Jones a leering at her as if to say, 'That's meant for you, ma'm!' I tells him if I marry I do it to please myself, not him, nor the village. What do you say, Marcia?"

"That's right," murmured the school teacher, "quite right."

Poor little soul! She was having a hard time of it. Mrs. Jones was scarcely less merciless than Si Welby, but his good-natured face showed no signs of malice.

"But the old fool—I can't help it, even if it is a danger to call a brother a fool—indicated the way things were going. And so, after the house was quiet, I thought I'd come up and explain things like, so that they may be clear."

"It was very kind," said Marcia, faintly, "but why didn't you bring Mrs. Welby?"

"Mrs. who?"

"Gracious, Si Welby, what is the matter?"

Si was laughing uproariously, and the hearty peal fairly shook the little room.

"Matter? Thunder! I see how the cat jumps at last. The only Mrs. Welby died a twelvemonth ago."

Miss Marcia Green looked absolutely stunned. She eyed Si Welby as if she feared he had gone crazy.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

It really did not look unlike it. He was still laughing, and holding his sides with the pain of his exercise.

"Poor Martha, too; it's a shame to be a-laughing over her grave, as it were. But I ain't a-doing her wrong in looking after our little girl as she should be, am I, Marcia?"

"No," said Marcia, feeling that a great load had been lifted from her heart.

"It is easier to say what I come for than I thought. Grace is now well cared for, but I want a helpmeet, for the other children need care. I came to ask you if you would be my wife."

Miss Marcia burst into tears. It was an absolute relief to her after the strain on her feelings since Mrs. Jones' advent.

Si looked astonished, but he took her unresisting hand.

"It ain't, I hope, a cause for weeping," he said. "Ain't it been plain to you afore?"

"I thought so," said Miss Marcia, between her sobs, "but Mrs. Jones said you had gone to Boston and married the nurse."

"Mrs. Jones is as big a fool as her husband," said Si. "But never mind them. What do you say?"

What should Miss Marcia do but give the right answer?

And they ratified the agreement on the spot.

The moral sense of the community of Meadowville, at latest accounts, is in a fair way of recovery. Mrs. Marcia Welby takes a different view of things to-day.



FOR THE CHILDREN.

MAMMA'S STORY.

Will the robin come again,
 Robbie with his coat of brown,
 With his pretty scarlet vest,
 Now that all the leaves are down?
 Did he take a maple leaf
 Burned bright red by summer sun,
 And within his pretty nest
 Make the gay vest he has on?

Pretty prattler, yes; the spring
 Will bring back the flowers and leaves,
 Summer, with its crown of blossoms,
 Autumn, with its golden sheaves;
 But how Robbie got his vest
 Mamma heard a little story,
 And the Robin's breast of red
 Is the birdie's mark of glory.

When the loving Jesus wore
 For our sakes the crown of thorn,
 Bound and scourged, abused, reviled,
 And the cruel cross was borne,
 One sharp thorn had pierced His head,
 And the blood was flowing down.
 But a robin drew the thorn,
 Dying red his breast so brown.



*In the Valley of
the Shadow*

*“ He opens and He shuts His hand,
But why, we cannot understand ;
Pours out and dries His mercies’ flood
And yet is still All- Perfect God.”*

SLINGS AND ARROWS

He Opens and He Shuts His Hand.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be
the name of the Lord."

The Lord hath given! Praise the Lord!
O Father, what are we, who stand
With lips unused to grateful praise,
For this great blessing from Thy hand!
The Lord hath given bounteously,
Earth's deserts fill with rippling streams;
As light upon our darkened minds
His never-failing goodness gleams.

The Lord hath given! To our home
Has come a blessing from the skies;
And little speech our lips can frame,
While grateful tears suffuse our eyes.
Our language fails to voice our joy;
We only may repeat the word
Which rises from our surcharged hearts—
"The Lord hath given; bless the Lord."

* * * * *

The Lord hath taken! 'Neath the snow
We lay our loved away to rest;
We cannot see with grief-dimmed eyes,
And aching heart within each breast,
That God hath taken. 'Twas too soon;
Our joy, our hope, we scarcely knew;
The wintry frost had killed the flower
Before its fulness came to view.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The Lord hath taken! To His rest
He called the gentle spirit hence;
He filled the eyes with scenes divine,
He touched the lips with love intense;
Till eyes and lips had told the tale
Of hope supreme to those on earth,
And angels bore the angel child
To find its new and perfect birth.

The Lord hath taken! Bless the Lord!
The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives!
We would not see, with heads bent low,
That he who died yet surely lives.
Till God had wiped our tear-dimmed eyes
Our rebel lips refused the word,—
“The Lord hath given bounteously;
The Lord hath taken. Bless the Lord!”



SLINGS AND ARROWS

With Tear-Dimmed Eyes.

(A Letter to a Friend.)

Is death the end, that we should mourn
For those who've lately left our side;
And can the knell, the pall, the bier,
The open grave, our love divide?

In the first cry of stricken hearts,
The answer comes: "It is the end;"
The voice is hushed, and cold the hand,
Of her, the ever-faithful friend;

Whose feet were swift at Mercy's call,
Whose hands were full of gracious aid;
Whose eyes with kindly pity poured,
Where sorrows pressed or cares dismayed.

We stand beside the flower-strewn bier,
In bitter grief our heads we bend;
And still repeat the wailing note,
"Death breaks our loves; it is the end."

Around our feet the flowers still bloom,
All radiant in their Autumn prime,
Yet doomed to fade 'neath Winter's breath,
The piercing hail, the frosty rime.

But Spring will come, and, with new life
Aroused, each bud will greet the sun;
Is Death the end? Ah, friend, by death
True life is only well begun.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

We daily die, who look around
And see the vacant places here;
They live, and know no sense of loss,
Whose eyes shall never know a tear.

For "God shall wipe away all tears,"
What that means we can only know,
When we can look with undimmed eyes,
From which all tears have ceased to flow.

I see through mists of blinding tears,
The stretching of a little hand;
My ears hear yet a loving voice
Now joining with the Saviour's band.

And I shall see the little hand,
Which now is shadowed to my sight,
When God shall wipe away all tears,
That come between me and His light.

Yet tears will come; "My son! My son!"—
I cannot help the bitter cry;
And you, dear friend, so hard bereft,
Will not my sympathy deny.

God sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;
The sterile drought, the tempest rain;
And shall we thankless take the good,
Nor bear with fortitude the pain?

No; though with sense of burning loss,
We can but tearful vigils keep,
We trust our loved ones to His care,
Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

Mors Janua Vitae.

I know my boy, my only son, is dead;
Dead. Yes, I think I understand;
I saw him die. I closed his little eyes
And gently on his breast replaced his hand,—
That hand, which sought my own, as if to gain,
From my weak grasp, some power to soothe Death's
pain.

I saw him laid beneath the snow to rest,
And earth to earth I saw them pile each clod,—
All that was mortal placed within the grave.
I heard them say: "His spirit is with God."
But is God chary, then, of good to men,
That He so soon requires His own again?

And yet I know not what is meant by death:
Is it to rise above all thought of earth,
To see celestial visions, and to hear
The angels joying o'er a heavenly birth;
Their victor shouts when conquered Death shall bring
Earth choicest gems as jewels for their King?

Is it to watch the glorious gates unfold,
To feel secure from all of earthly harms,
To see the dear Redeemer's beaming smile,
And feel the welcome of His loving arms,
Still wide extended, as they were of old,
To "such as these" who enter in the fold?

SLINGS AND ARROWS

If this be death, then truly death is life,
And our child lives within that happy land,
We are the clods who wait Death's quick'ning touch
Ere we again shall grasp that little hand,
Which now is God's own guide to lead our feet
By Jesus' favor, to His mercy seat.

* * * * *

How the Christmas Anthem Was Sung.

"Hark the herald angels sing !"

Thus the sweet old anthem raise,
Children round the fireside gathered,
Lisp the Christmas hymn of praise.
How the grand old carol swells,
On their pure clear voices borne,
Echoes of the heavenly strain
Sung on that first Christmas morn!

But a chord of sadness lingers,
In the children's joyous strain,
And the parents' eyes are filling,
With the drops of tender rain.
One voice fails to swell the chorus,
One is missing from the fold,
And the anthem lacks the fulness
Of the precious days of old.

One estranged, but not forgotten,
Long forgiven, wandering far;
Is the sign of love forgotten,—
Love, that beckons like the star

SLINGS AND ARROWS

Which the Eastern magi followed
Till they found its inner light.
In that stable, poor and lowly,
On that primal Christmas night?

But the children's joyous carol,
Has to them no sorrowing sound:
*"Peace on earth, good will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found!"*
Thus the grand celestial message
Once again its echoes form;
Borne upon their pure young voices,
Out upon the winter storm.

Hark! a footstep at the door,—
Cheerless blows the winter wind,
Offer welcome; on this day,
Who should not an entrance find?
Hoping against hope, yet hoping,
As she opens wide the door,—
'Tis the wanderer, home returning,
In his mother's arms once more!

How the anthem is illumined
By the brightness spread around,
*"Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound."*
Christmas finds us reunited,
For no missing ones we sigh,—
*"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!"*

SLINGS AND ARROWS

The Night Cometh.

Let me lie down and gently sink to rest,
While yet the sun's last beams are in the west;
Lord, when my day is over, let me sleep,
Nor wait till midnight gloom shall o'er me creep.

As the tired laborer lays his weary head
With grateful sense of rest upon his bed,
So let me pass away. I dare not keep
Night's lonely vigil—suffer me to sleep;

Not linger here to see each friend depart,
And wait for kindly Death; with aching heart
To count the graves of those I loved, and feel
The senile touch of age upon me steal.

I long for light; Lord, when the night draws near,
Show me the light in which shall be no fear;
When my brief day is over let me rise
To meet the new dawn in the heavenly skies.

And yet "they serve who only stand and wait,"
Amid the gloom of age outside Thy gate;
Thy will, not mine, be done, without reserve;
In youth or age, Lord, teach me how to serve.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Who follows?"

Out on the crowded street,
In the gloom of a misty night,
A radiance from the church-porch streamed
In flood of gleaming light.
High rose the pealing organ's swell,
Each note a reminiscent strain,
And with the cross borne high before,
Was seen the white-robed choral train.

"The Son of God goes forth to war,"
Rang out the boyish voices clear;
A stranger, idly gazing, starts
As fall the words upon his ear.
Quick through his mind in eager flood
A tide of tender memories passed,
Bridging a thousand leagues of sea
To show his boyhood home at last.

But while the tide of memory pours,
The white-robed lads have passed before,
The manlier voices of the choir
Pour out the melody once more.
In loftier notes the challenge rings!
The pleading yet defiant strain—
"The Son of God goes forth to war . . .
Who follows in His train?"

"Follow!" How many weary years
Had seen him stray from Church and God!
"Follow!"—'twas where the parents led,
The road his boyish steps had trod.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

"Who follows?" As he knelt, his heart
Echoed the choir's appealing strain—
"O God, to me let grace be given
To follow in His train!"



Cypress and Laurel.

They made him earl, they showered their gifts
On him, their hero, victor, almost king;
They added to the medals on his breast
And cried in triumph, "Let us laurel bring!"

Then went they forth with joyous steps to pluck
A wreath of laurel on Fame's noble way,
And swift returning placed it on his brow;—
Lo! They but crowned him with a cypress spray!

Then filled their eyes with tears, their trembling lips
Dared not to utter what their hearts had thought:
"Cypress and amaranth have decked his life,
Our joy is barren, and his honors naught!"

They looked far out across the misty deep,
Where on Colenso's field his son finds rest,
And saw the laurels blooming o'er his head,
Sown in his blood, and by their own love blest.

Then back they turned once more to his brave sire,
Hearts beating proudly for the deed sublime,
The cypress his, the laurel for the son,—
An empire's love for both throughout all time.

JOSEPHINE D. PERRY.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

An Epilogue—Good-Bye.

Our little play is ended, and, above our heads,
Ready to fall, is seen the envious screen,
And we, the actors, grouping for the tableau
Wait but the epilogue to close the scene.

'Tis hard to part. When friend's looks unto friend,
And but reflects the echo of his fears,
When clasped hands and lips that only quiver
Respond to eyes fast glistening with tears;

It matters not what form of words we use—
Lips ill interpret what the heart hath spoken,
Yet gladly would we whisper "Au Revoir"
Than "farewell," now our fellowship is broken.

Yet like we best the good old Saxon phrase,
Which, in the days when men found time to share
Each others' pain, was not the brief "Good-bye,"
But "God be with you" was the parting prayer.

So would we say: "To all whose help
Has brought us nearer our desired end,
To all whose thoughts have breathed upon our page
Or thought, expressed in action, proved the friend;

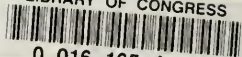
Whose presence cheered, whose kindly counsel aided,
Who proved their love by kindly care and deed;
May "God be with you" ever in this life—
May "God be with you" in your utmost need.



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